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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN NINE VOLUMES, COMPLETE.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

THE colloquial and burleſque ſtyle and meaſure of Swift here adopted did not ſuit the genius and manner of our author, who frequently falls back, as was natural, from the familiar into his own more laboured, high, and pompous manner. See particularly line 125, and alſo 189:

"Tell how the moon beams, &c."

And this difference of ſtyle is more ſtriking and perceiveable, from the circumſtance of their being immediately ſubjoined to the lighter and leſs ornamental verſes of Swift.

The four epiſtles which Mr. Pitt tranſlated; namely, the 19th, 4th, 10th, and 18th, of the firſt book, and which are inſerted in the 43d volume of the Works of Engliſh Poets, if they were carefully and candidly inſpected, will be found really equal to any of Pope's Imitations, and are executed with a dignified familiarity and eaſe, in the very manner of Horace.

After all that has been ſaid of Horace by ſo many critics, ancient and modern, perhaps no words can deſcribe him ſo exactly and juſtly as the following of Tully, ſpoken on another ſubject (Lib. 1. de Oratore): "Accedit lepos quidam, facetiæque, et eruditio libero digna, celeritaſque et brevitas reſpondendi et laceſſendi, ſubtili venuſtate et urbanitate conjuncta."

EPISTOLA VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: num ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.

Non,

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The Dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.

Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit;
Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratus?
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aera lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.

Quod

My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his Plums.
" Pray take them, Sir.—Enough's a Feaſt:
" Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt"—
What rob your Boys? thoſe pretty rogues?
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good:
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you'll find in me
A ſafe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope

NOTES.

VER. 21. *My Lord,*] Shafteſbury laughs at modern authors for being compelled to uſe ſuch terms, as His Grace, His Excellency, His Honour, and My Lord. Horace, in this paſſage, ſays to the greateſt man in Rome only Tu, and at the beginning only Mecænas, without any epithet whatſoever. So alſo ſpeaks Virgil at the beginning of the Georgics, " Terram vertere, Mecænas."

VER. 40. *And a free;*] Johnſon always carped at our adding the word *one* after an adjective, and thought it uſeleſs and inelegant—a free *one*. This is unexceptionable—a *free*.

Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti; paſtaque, rurſus

Ire

I hope it is your Reſolution
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
A Weaſel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, " You 'ſcape not ſo,
" Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your Application,
I'm no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
Nor

NOTES.

VER. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himſelf and the Public on his Rape of the Lock. W.

VER. 51. *A Weaſel once*] Horace ſhines particularly in theſe ſhort fables which he was ſo fond of introducing; as he does indeed in that difficult art of telling a ſtory well, of which the ſtory of Philippus, Strenuus et fortis, &c. is a maſterpiece. We are in no one reſpect ſo very inferior to the French as in our fables; we have no La Fontaine. The fables of Gay, eſteemed our beſt, are written in a pure and neat ſtyle, but have not much nature or humour. Horace's Mice are inimitable. The long introductions to the fables of Gay's ſecond volume of fables read like political pamphlets.

VER. 56. *'Twas not a Man,*] This parentheſis comes in but awkwardly and lamely. " You, 'ſcape not ſo," alſo is awkward, v. 57.; ſo is " None of mine," v. 64.

Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra.
Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellor imagine, cuncta reſigno;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudaſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens:
Inſpice ſi poſſum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Terentum.
Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, etc.

Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but Liberty and Eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd—juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I truſt that ſinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Maſter, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no Man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this Matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

NOTES.

VER. 67. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him ſome South-ſea ſubſcriptions. He was ſo indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He uſed to ſay it was a ſatisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity. W.

SATIRA VI.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum ſilvæ ſuper his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene eſt, nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, niſi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum, O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti fors quae mihi monſtret! ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, divis amico
Hercule: ſi, quod adeſt, gratum juvat: hac prece te oro,

Pingue

SATIRE VI.

The firſt Part imitated in the Year 1714, *by Dr.* SWIFT; *the latter Part added afterwards.*

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life, ſix hundred pounds a year,
A handſome Houſe to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, ſet out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to encreaſe my ſtore;
' But here a Grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
' By any Trick, or any Fault;
' And if I pray by Reaſon's rules,
' And not like Forty other Fools:
' As thus, " Vouchſafe, oh Gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other Acre:
" Or, if it be thy Will and Pleaſure,
" Direct my Plow to find a Treaſure:"
' But only what my Station fits,
' And to be kept in my right Wits,
' Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
' Juſt what you gave me, Competence:

' And

Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter
Ingenium; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinae quaeſtus acerbae.
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaque labores
Inſtituunt (ſic Dîs placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium: Romae ſponſorem me rapis: Eia
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem

Interiore

'And let me in theſe Shades compoſe
'Something in Verſe as true as Proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
'Nor puff'd by Pride, nor ſunk by Spleen."
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix Months with Stateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the Seas;
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found.
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;

And

NOTES.

VER. 30. *On this ſide Trent*;] He was perpetually expreſſing his deep diſcontent at his Iriſh preferment, and forming ſchemes for exchanging it for a ſmaller in England; and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect ſuch a change. A negociation had nearly taken place between the Dean and a Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkſhire. Mr. Talbot himſelf informed me of this negociation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Buckleberry, Lord Bolingbroke's ſeat.

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, inſane? et quam rem agis? improbus urguet.
Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Maecenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; ne mentiar, at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam
Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribae magna atque nova te
Orabant

And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To juſtle here among a Croud."
Another in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a Whiſper, and withdraw:
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their Friend.
This, humbly offers me his Caſe—
That, begs my int'reſt for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cauſe is gone"—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great affair, at Two—

Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inſtat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere ſuorum

In

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:—
Then preſently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;

Would

NOTES.

VER. 82. *And, Mr. Dean,*] Very happily turned from Si vis potes——

VER. 85. *Since Harley bid me*] The riſe and progreſs of Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very intereſting Journal to Stella. And the reaſons why a man, that ſerved a miniſtry ſo effectually, was ſo tardily, and ſo difficultly, and ſo poorly rewarded, are well explained in Sheridan's Life of Swift, and aroſe principally from the inſuperable averſion the Queen had conceived to the Author of a Tale of a Tub as a profane book; which averſion was kept alive, and encreaſed by the Dutcheſs of Somerſet, againſt whom Swift had written a ſevere lampoon. It appears from this life that Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke always kept concealed from Swift their inability to ſerve him. One of the moſt common artifices of miniſters and great men is to retain in their ſervice thoſe whom they cannot reward, and "Spe paſcere inani;"—for year after year. With whatever ſecrets Swift might have been truſted, it does not appear he knew any thing of a deſign to bring in the Pretender. Swift was a true Whig. His political principles are amply unfolded in an excellent letter written to Pope, Jan. 20, 1721, in the ninth volume of this edition: and indeed they had been ſufficiently diſplayed, many years before, in The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; a treatiſe replete with ſtrong ſenſe, ſound principles, and clear reaſoning.

In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro
par.
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quae rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae noſter. ludos ſpectaverit una:
Luſerit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.

Frigidus

Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
"Who's Chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together, *tête à tête*,

"What,

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Or gravely try to read the lines*] Another of their amuſements in theſe excurſions conſiſted in Lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and which ever reckoned thirty-one firſt, or ſaw a cat, or an old woman, won the game. Bolingbroke overtaking them one day in their road to Windſor, got into Lord Oxford's coach, and begun ſome political converſation; Lord Oxford ſaid, "Swift, I am up; there is a cat." Bolingbroke was diſguſted with this levity, and went again into his own carriage. This was

—— "Nugari et diſcincti ludere"

with a witneſs.

Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
Perditur haec inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitae jucunda oblivia vitae?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes coenaque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique,

Ante

" What, they admire him for his jokes—
" See but the fortune of ſome Folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at Court;
I'm ſtopt by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
" Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat!
" Or do the Prints and Papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
" 'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the Troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt Mortal ever known.

Thus in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of Life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient Book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,

Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:

Quidve

My friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A Man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?

Our

NOTES.

VER. 141. *Here no man prates*] Alcibiades, in the Sympoſium of Plato, finely compares Socrates, whoſe face was diſguſting and unpromiſing, to the little ſtatues of Silenus, which had no external beauty; but if you opened them, you found within the figures of all the gods. Rabelais applied this compariſon to the Satires of Horace, which at firſt ſight do not ſeem to contain ſo many exquiſite moral rules. Dacier borrowed this compariſon from Rabelais, without acknowledgement, as he has done many remarks from Cruquius and Lambinus, and from the old commentators, Acron and Porphyrius.

VER. 142. *That Italian ſings,*] Happily turned from Horace's Dancer, "Lepos;"—not ſo, v. 144, which is political, and not one of the trifling topics here mentioned.

Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos :
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas ſi quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes ; ſic incipit : Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum ;

Aſper,

Our Friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos:*
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,

Receiv'd

NOTES.

VER. 153. *Our Friend Dan Prior*] I have frequently wondered how ſparing Pope has been in general in his praiſes of Prior, eſpecially as the latter was the intimate friend of Swift and Lord Oxford. I imagine this reſerve is owing principally to ſome ſatirical epigrams that Prior wrote on Atterbury. The Alma is not the only compoſition of Prior, in which he has diſplayed a knowledge of the world and of human nature; for I was once permitted to read a curious manuſcript, late in the hands of her Grace the Ducheſs Dowager of Portland, containing eſſays and dialogues of the dead, on the following ſubjects, by Prior:

1. Heads for a Treatiſe on Learning.
2. Eſſay on Opinion.
3. A Dialogue betwixt Charles the Fifth and Clenard the Grammarian.
4. Betwixt Locke and Montaigne.
5. The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More.
6. Oliver Cromwell and his Porter.

If theſe pieces were publiſhed, Prior would appear to be as good a proſe-writer as a poet. It ſeems to be growing a little faſhionable to decry his great merits as a poet. They who do this ſeem not ſufficiently to have attended to his admirable Ode to Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax; his Ode to the Queen, 1706; his Epiſtle and Ode to Boileau; moſt of his Tales; the Alma, here mentioned; the Henry and Emma, (in which ſurely are many ſtrokes of true tenderneſs and pathos); and his Solomon, a poem which, however faulty in its plan, has yet very many noble and finiſhed paſſages, and which has been ſo elegantly and claſſically tranſlated by Dobſon, as to reflect honour on the college of Wincheſter, where he was educated, and where he tranſlated the firſt book as a ſchool-exerciſe. I once heard him lament, that he had not at that time read Lucretius, which would have given a richneſs,

Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia coena
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem

Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as Men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his Gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.

"But,

NOTES.

neſs, and variety, and force to his verſes; the only fault of which, ſeems to be a monotony and want of different pauſes, occaſioned by tranſlating a poem in rhyme, which he avoided in his Milton. It is one mark of a poem being intrinſically good, that it is capable of being well tranſlated. The political conduct of Prior was blamed on account of the part he took in the famous Partition-Treaty; but in ſome valuable memoirs of his life, written by the Honourable Mr. Montague, his friend, which were alſo in the poſſeſſion of the Ducheſs Dowager of Portland, this conduct is clearly accounted for, and amply defended. In thoſe memoirs are many curious and intereſting particulars of the hiſtory of that time.

This beautiful fable, not ſo much now admired, becauſe ſo well known, is not in the collection of thoſe called Æſop's, whoſe compoſition it certainly was, as appears from the collection of the fragments of Babrius, which the learned Mr. Tyrrwhit publiſhed, and which are a moſt valuable curioſity.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundus vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,
Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,

Conti-

" But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
" For God's ſake, come, and live with Men:
" Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
" Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
" Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
" (This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)"
The verieſt Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
(And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red;
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate, *tête à tête.*

Our

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Like Men, muſt die,*] Horace's Mouſe talks like an Epicurean Philoſopher. The line of Pope, in a parentheſis, v. 180, is uſeleſs and redundant. The Parody on Dryden's Poem on the Hind and Panther, alluding to the City and Country Mouſe, was the firſt of Prior's performances, in conjunction with his friend Montague.

Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit laetum convivam : cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas : me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his Friend of Fowl and Fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah gouter ça!*
" That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
" Pray, dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy Swain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall
Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat! a Rat! clap to the door"—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,)
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.
" An't pleaſe your Honour," quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE,

TO THE

YOUNG GENTLEMEN ABOUT TOWN,

AS DELIVERED IN HIS SECOND SERMON.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF MR. POPE.

Together with the Original Text, as reſtored by the

REV. RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

TO

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq.

SIR,

I HAVE ſo great a truſt in your indulgence towards me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this Imitation, ſo much in your own manner, and whoſe birth I may truly ſay is owing to you. In that confidence I would not ſuppreſs the *criticiſms made upon it by the Reverend Doctor; the rather, ſince he has promiſed to mend the faults in the next edition, with the ſame goodneſs he has practiſed to Milton. I hope you will believe that while I expreſs my regard for you, it is only out of modeſty I conceal my name; ſince, though perhaps I may not profeſs myſelf your admirer ſo much as ſome others, I cannot but be, with as much inward reſpect, good-will, and zeal, as any man,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

And faithful ſervant.

* They are here omitted.

HORATII FLACCI,

S. II. L. I.

TEXTUM RECENSUIT

V. R. RICARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.

AMBUBAJARUM collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrones, hoc genus omne
Moeſtum ac ſollicitum eſt cantoris morte Tigellî:
Quippe benignus erat——
Contra hic, ne prodigus eſſe
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere poſſit.

Hunc ſi perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Praeclaram ingrata ſtringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obſonia nummis:
" Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,"
Reſpondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Fufidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis
Dives agris, dives poſitis in foenore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quanto perditior quiſque eſt, tanto acrius urget.

Nomina

SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE.

THE tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and eaſe,
Could join the arts, to ruin and to pleaſe.

Not ſo, who of ten thouſand gull'd her knight,
Then aſk'd ten thouſand for a ſecond night;
The gallant too, to whom ſhe pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuſe that miſtreſs half a crown.

Con. Philips cries, "A ſneaking dog I hate,"
That's all three lovers have for their eſtate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat.
Some damn the jade, and ſome the cullies blame,
But not Sir H——t, for he does the ſame.

With all a woman's virtues but the pox,
Fuſidia thrives in money, land, and ſtocks:
For int'reſt, ten *per cent.* her conſtant rate is;
Her body! hopeful heirs may have it *gratis.*

Nomina ſectatur, modo ſumpta veſte virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Jupiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? "At in ſe
"Pro quaeſtu ſumptum facit hic." Vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut Pater ille, Terentî
Fabula quem miſerum gnato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet? Illuc:
"Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt."
Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen ad obſcoenum ſubductis uſque facetus:
Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium eſt. Sunt qui nolint tetigiſſe, niſi illas,
Quarum ſubſuta talos tegat inſtita veſte:
Contra alius nullam, niſi olente in fornice ſtantem.
"Virtute eſto, inquit, ſententia dia Catonis,
"Nam ſimul ac venas inflavit terra libido,
"Huc juvenes aequum eſt deſcendere, non alienas
"Permolere uxores.——"

—Nolim laudarier, inquit.

Audire eſt operae pretium, procedere recte
Qui moechos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent;

Utque

She turns her very ſiſter to a Job,
And, in the happy minute, picks your fob:
A ſelf-tormentor, worſe than (in the Play)
The wretch, whoſe av'rice drove his ſon away.

But why all this? Beloved, 'tis my theme:
" Women and fools are always in extreme."
Rufa's at either end a common-ſhoar,
Sweet Moll and Jack are civet-cat and boar.
Nothing in nature is ſo lewd as Peg,
Yet, for the world, ſhe would not ſhew her leg!
While baſhful Jenny, ev'n at morning prayer,
Spreads her fore-buttocks to the navel bare.
But diff'rent taſte in diff'rent men prevails,
And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails;
Some feel no flames but at the court or ball,
And others hunt white aprons in the Mall.

My lord of L——n, chancing to remark
A noted Dean much buſy'd in the Park,
" Proceed (he cry'd), proceed, my reverend brother,
" 'Tis *fornicatio ſimplex*, and no other.
" Better than luſt for boys, with Pope and Turk,
" Or others ſpouſes, like my Lord of ———.'

May no ſuch praiſe (cries J——s) e'er be mine,
J——s, who bows at Hi—ſb—w's hoary ſhrine.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive,
'Till ev'ry cuckold-maker 's flead alive,

Attend,

Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter ſaepe pericla.
Hic ſe praecipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem caeſus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Praedonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE SALACEM
Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior at quanto merx eſt in claſſe ſecunda!
Libertinarum dico: Salluſtius in qua
Non minus inſanit, quam qui moechatur. At hic ſi,
Qua res, qua ratio ſuaderet, quaque modeſte
Munifico eſſe licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Eſſe; daret quantum ſatis eſſet, nec ſibi damno
Dedecorique foret. Verum hoc ſe amplectitur uno,
Hoc amat et laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marſaeus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrium mimae donat fundumque laremque,
Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
Verum eſt cum mimis, eſt cum meretricibus: unde

Fama

Attend, while I their miſeries explain,
And pity men of pleaſure ſtill in pain!
Survey the pangs they bear, the riſques they run,
Where the moſt lucky are but laſt undone.
See wretched Monſieur flies to ſave his throat,
And quits his miſtreſs, money, ring, and note!
K—— of his footman's borrow'd livery ſtript,
By worthier footmen piſt upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by thieves, or lawyers, which is worſe,
One bleeds in perſon, and one bleeds in purſe;
This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel—
And all applaud the Juſtice—All, but Budgell.

How much more ſafe, dear countrymen! his ſtate,
Who trades in frigates of the ſecond rate?
And yet ſome care of S—ſt ſhould be had,
Nothing ſo mean for which he can't run mad;
His wit confirms him but a ſlave the more,
And makes a princeſs whom he found a whore.
The youth might ſave much trouble and expence,
Were he a dupe of only common ſenſe.
But here's his point; a wench (he cries) for me!
"I never touch a dame of quality."

To P—l—r's bed no actreſs comes amiſs,
He courts the whole *perſonæ dramatis:*
He too can ſay, "With wives I never ſin:"
But ſinging-girls and mimics draw him in.

Sure,

Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. An tibi abunde
Perſonam ſatis eſt, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum eſt ubicumque. Quid
inter—
Eſt in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata?

Villius in Fauſta Sullae gener, hoc miſer uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit uſque, ſuperque
Quam ſatis eſt; pugnis caeſus, ferroque petitus,
Excluſus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.

Huic ſi, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti
Diceret haec animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te
Magno prognatum depoſco conſule ———
Velatumque ſtola, mea cum conferbuit ira?
Quid reſponderet? Magno patre nata puella eſt.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque iſtis,
Dives opis natura ſuae! ut ſi modo recte
Diſpenſare

Sure, worthy Sir, the diff'rence is not great,
With whom you loſe your credit and eſtate?
This, or that perſon, what avails to ſhun?
What's wrong is wrong, where-ever it be done:
The eaſe, ſupport, and luſtre of your life,
Deſtroy'd alike with ſtrumpet, maid, or wife.

What puſh'd poor E—s on th' imperial whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal ſteel unjuſtly was apply'd,
When not his luſt offended, but his pride:
Too hard a penance for defeated ſin,
Himſelf ſhut out, and Jacob Hall * let in.

Suppoſe that honeſt part that rules us all,
Should riſe, and ſay—" Sir Robert! or Sir Paul!
" Did I demand, in my moſt vig'rous hour,
" A thing deſcended from the conqueror?
" Or when my pulſe beat higheſt, aſk for any
" Such nicety as Lady or Lord Fanny?"——
What would you anſwer? could you have the face,
When the poor ſuff'rer humbly mourn'd his caſe,
To cry, " You weep the favours of her GRACE?"

Hath not indulgent nature ſpread a feaſt,
And giv'n enough for man, enough for beaſt?

But

NOTES.

* The Dutcheſs of Cleveland was ſaid to have been in love with Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, and ſhe gave him a ſalary. In theſe lines Pope alludes to this connection.

Diſpenſare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Inmiſcere.
—— Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, non poeniteat te,
Deſine matronas ſectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali eſt, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

Nec magis huic, inter niveos virideſque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum eſt femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius perſaepe togatae eſt.
Adde huc, quod mercem ſine fucis geſtat; aperte
Quod venale habet, oſtendit; neque ſi quid honeſti eſt
Jactat habetque palam, quaerit quo turpia celet.

Regibus hic mos eſt, ubi equos mercantur opertos
Inſpiciunt: ne ſi facies, ut ſaepe, decora
Molli fulta pede eſt; emtorum ducat hiantem,
Quod pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
Contemplare oculis; Hypſaea caecior, illa
Quae mala ſunt, ſpectas, O crus, O brachia! verum
Depygis, naſuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo eſt.

Matronae,

But man corrupt, perverſe in all his ways,
In ſearch of vanities from nature ſtrays:
Yea, tho' the bleſſing's more than he can uſe,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid purſues!
Weigh well the cauſe from whence theſe evils ſpring,
'Tis in thyſelf, and not in God's good thing:
Then, leſt repentance puniſh ſuch a life,
Never, ah! never! kiſs thy neighbour's wife.

Firſt, ſilks and diamonds veil no finer ſhape,
Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble crape:
And ſecondly, how innocent a belle
Is ſhe who ſhews what ware ſhe has to ſell;
Not lady-like, diſplays a milk-white breaſt,
And hides in ſacred ſluttiſhneſs the reſt.

Our ancient kings (and ſure thoſe kings were wiſe,
Who judg'd themſelves, and ſaw with their own eyes)
A war-horſe never for the ſervice choſe,
But ey'd him round, and ſtript off all the cloaths;
For well they knew, proud trappings ſerve to hide
A heavy cheſt, thick neck, or heavy ſide.
But fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely fore-hand ſtrike the eye:
No eagle ſharper, every charm to find,
To all defects, T——y not ſo blind:
Gooſe-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, ſwan-footed, is my dear
They'll praiſe her elbow, heel, or tip o' th' ear.

A lady's

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere poſſis;
Caetera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſa veſte tegentis.
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hoc facit inſanum) multa tibi tum officient res;
Cuſtodes, lectica, ciniflones, paraſitae;
Ad talos ſtola demiſſa, et circumdata palla:
Plurima, quae invideant purè apparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obſtat: Cois tibi pene videre eſt
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne ſit pede turpi:
Metiri poſſis oculo latus, an tibi mavis
Inſidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
Quam mercem oſtendi?
—— LEPOREM venator ut alta
In nive ſectetur, poſitum ſic tangere nolit:
Cantat, et adponit MEUS eſt amor huic ſimilis, nam
Tranſvolat in medio poſita, et fugientia captat.
Hiſcene verſiculis ſperas tibi poſſe dolores,
Atque aeſtus, curaſque graves e pectore tolli?
Nonne, cupidinibus ſtatuat natura modum quem,
Quid latura, ſibi quid ſit dolitura negatum,
Quaerere plus prodeſt; et inane abſcindere ſoldo?
Num, tibi cum fauces urit ſitis, aurea quaeris
Pocula? num eſuriens faſtidis omnia praeter
Pavonem rhombumque? tument tibi eum inguina,
num, ſi

Ancilla

A lady's face is all you ſee undreſs'd;
(For none but Lady M—— ſhow'd the reſt);
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompaſs, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! obſtacles by dozens!
Spies, guardians, gueſts, old women, aunts, and cozens.
Could you directly to her perſon go,
Stays will obſtruct above, and hoops below,
And if the dame ſays yes, the dreſs ſays no.
Not thus at Needham's; your judicious eye
May meaſure there the breaſt, the hip, the thigh!
And will you run to perils, ſword, and law,
All for a thing you ne'er ſo much as ſaw?

" The hare once ſeiz'd, the hunter heeds no more
" The little ſcut he ſo purſu'd before,
" Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn) ſings
" And 'tis for that the wanton boy has wings."
Why let him ſing—but when you're in the wrong,
Think you to cure the miſchief with a ſong?
Has nature ſet no bounds to wild deſire?
No ſenſe to guide, no reaſon to enquire,
What ſolid happineſs, what empty pride?
And what is beſt indulg'd, or beſt deny'd?
If neither gems adorn, nor ſilver tip
The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip?
When ſharp with hunger, ſcorn you to be fed,
Except on Pea-Chicks, at the Bedford-head?

Ancilla aut verna eſt praeſto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?
Non ego: namque "parabilem amo venerem, faci-
"lemque."
ILLAM, poſt paulo, ſed pluris ſi exierit vir,
Gallis: hanc Philodemus ait ſibi, quae neque magno
Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum eſt juſſa venire.
Candida rectaque ſit; munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Haec, ubi ſuppoſuit dextro corpus mihi laevum,
Ilia et Egeria eſt: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat;
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
Pulſa domus ſtrepitu reſonet: ne pallida lecto
Deſiliat mulier; miſeram ſe conſcia clamet;
Cruribus haec metuat, doti haec deprenſa, egomet mi.
Diſcincta tunica fugiendum eſt, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miſerum eſt: Fabio vel judice vincam.

Or when a tight, neat girl, will ſerve the turn,
In errant pride continue ſtiff, and burn?
I'm a plain man, whoſe maxim is profeſt,
" The thing at hand is of all things the beſt."
But her who will, and then will not comply,
Whoſe word is If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
Z——ds! let ſome eunuch or platonic take——
So B——t cries, philoſopher and rake!
Who aſks no more (right reaſonable peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
Give me a willing nymph! 'tis all I care,
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
Her ſhape her own, whatever ſhape ſhe have,
And juſt that white and red which nature gave.
Her I tranſported touch, tranſported view!
And call her Angel! Goddeſs! M——ue!
No furious huſband thunders at the door;
No barking dog, no houſhold in a roar;
From gleaming ſwords no ſhrieking women run;
No wretched wife cries out, Undone! Undone!
Seiz'd in the fact, and in her cuckold's pow'r,
She kneels, ſhe weeps, and worſe! reſigns her dow'r.
Me, naked me, to poſts, to pumps they draw,
To ſhame eternal, or eternal law.
Oh love! be deep tranquillity my luck!
No miſtreſs H—yſh—m near, no Lady B——ck!
For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell;
This truth, let L——l, J——ys, O———w tell.

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſaeva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juventum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,

Et

BOOK IV*.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt?
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober Fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round MURRAY all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He,

NOTES.

* This and the unfiniſhed imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth book which follows, ſhew as happy a vein for managing the Odes of Horace as the Epiſtles. W.

Theſe imitations are ſurely far inferior to thoſe of the Satires and Epiſtles of Horace.

It may be worth obſerving, that the meaſure Pope has here choſen is preciſely the ſame that Ben Johnſon uſed in a tranſlation of this very Ode; in which tranſlation, by the way, are ſome lines ſmoother than our old bard's uſual ſtrains. Folio, p. 268.

Et centum puer artium,
  Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior
  Largis muneribus riſerit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
  Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
  Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiae
Delectabere tibia
  Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
  Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
  In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
  Jam, nec ſpes amini credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
  Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
  Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
  Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
  Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
  (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
  Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
  Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
  Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
  Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
  Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
  For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
  The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
  Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
  Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
  Abſent I follow through th' extended Dream;

Nocturnis te ego somniis
  Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
  Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

I HAVE often wondered that our author ſhould have choſen one of the moſt exceptionable odes in Horace for his imitation. Every reader of the original is always diſguſted with the object of it.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;
Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:
Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

NOTES.

VER. 8. Original—*Steſichorique graves*] The loſs of the works of no two writers is perhaps more to be lamented than of Steſichorus and Menander. The former is thus characterized by Quintilian, l. 10. "Steſichorus quam ſit Ingenio validus, materiæ quoq. oſtendunt, maxima bella et clariſſimos duces canentem, et epici carminis onera Lyrâ Suſtinentem. Reddit enim perſonis in agendo ſimul loquendoque debitam dignitatem; ac ſi tenuiſſet modum, videtur æmulari proximus Homerum potuiſſe. Of the fragments of Menander, ſee a paper in the Adventurer, vol. iv.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spencer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Caeſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Thoſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Theſe, new Heav'ns and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they dy'd.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

NOTES.

VER. 6. *In Spencer*] How much this author was his favourite from his early to his later years, will appear from what he ſaid to Mr. Spence, from whoſe Anecdotes I tranſcribe literally this paſſage: "There is ſomething in Spencer that pleaſes one as ſtrongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Fairy Queen when I was about twelve with a vaſt deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."

VER. 13. Miſled by his uſual love of antitheſis, he has formed a trifling epigram, inſtead of giving us the manly plain ſenſe of Horace.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES,

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THIS life of the ſolemn and abſurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnſon ſpeaks too contemptuouſly, and ſays it is taken from the Hiſtory of Ouffle, is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the ſerious and pompous manner of Cervantes; for it is not eaſy to ſay, why Fielding ſhould call his Joſeph Andrews, excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner.

Don Quixote is in truth the moſt original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes conſiſts in having painted his mad hero with ſuch a number of amiable qualities, as to make it impoſſible for us totally to deſpiſe him. This light and ſhade in drawing characters ſhews the maſter. It is thus Addiſon has repreſented his Sir Roger, and Shakeſpeare his Falſtaff. How great muſt be the native force of Cervantes's humour, when it can be reliſhed by readers, even unacquainted with Spaniſh manners, with the inſtitution of chivalry, and with the many paſſages of old romances and Italian poems, to which it perpetually alludes.

There are three or four celebrated works that bear a great reſemblance, and have a turn of ſatire ſimilar to that of theſe Memoirs: The Barbon of Balſac; The Life of Montmaur, by Menage and others; the Chef d'Ouvre d'un Inconnu of Mathanaſe; and La Charlatanerie des Savans of Menken.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy Times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember) thou may'ſt poſſibly, gentle Reader, have ſeen a certain venerable Perſon who frequented the outſide of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decayed Gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his noſe inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was black and ſmooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as ſtraight as the hair of a River God riſing from the water. His Cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his ſword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him

a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a Jeſuit, took him for one, and others believed him ſome High Prieſt of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a Mind replete with Science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixed with a ſcorn of doing or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a Philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen or her firſt Miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Miniſtry; who, either out of Jealouſy or Envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a Manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many moſt profound

found ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtyle. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The Book was of ſo wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was ſome great philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuſcript was fallen into my hands; and ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurveyed me over with a fixt attention, and opening the claſps of the Parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurprize) in Engliſh, as follows:

"Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I em-
"brace thee as my beſt friend; for either the Stars
"and my Art are deceitful, or the deſtined time is
"come which is to manifeſt Martinus Scriblerus
"to the world, and thou the perſon choſen by fate for
"this taſk. What thou ſeeſt in me is a body ex-
"hauſted by the labours of the mind. I have found
"in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very
"coy Miſtreſs: Watchful nights, anxious days, ſlen-
"der meals, and endleſs labours, muſt be the lot of

" all who purſue her through her labyrinths and
" meanders. My firſt vital air I drew in this iſland
" (a ſoil fruitful of philoſophers) but my com-
" plexion is become aduſt, and my body arid, by
" viſiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio ſub ſole*
" *calentes*. I have, through my whole life, paſſed
" under ſeveral diſguiſes and unknown names, to
" ſcreen myſelf from the envy and malice which
" mankind expreſs againſt thoſe who are poſſeſſed
" of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at preſent I am
" forced to take Sanctuary in the Britiſh Court,
" to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who
" has purſued me almoſt through the whole ter-
" raqueous globe. Being about four years ago in
" the City of Madrid in queſt of natural knowledge,
" I was informed of a Lady who was marked with a
" Pomegranate upon the inſide of her right Thigh,
" which bloſſomed, and, as it were, ſeemed to ripen
" in the due ſeaſon. Forthwith was I poſſeſſed with
" an inſatiable curioſity to view this wonderful Phe-
" nomenon. I felt the ardour of my paſſion increaſe
" as the ſeaſon advanced, till, in the month of July,
" I could no longer contain. I brib'd her Duenna,
" was admitted to the bath, ſaw her undreſs'd, and
" the wonder diſplay'd. This was ſoon after diſ-
" covered by the huſband, who finding ſome letters
" I had written to the Duenna, containing expreſſions
" of a doubtful meaning, ſuſpected me of a crime
" moſt alien from the Purity of my thoughts. In-
" continently

" continently I left Madrid by the advice of friends,
" have been purſued, dogged, and way-laid through
" ſeveral Nations, and even now ſcarce think myſelf
" ſecure within the ſacred walls of this Palace. It has
" been my good fortune to have ſeen all the grand
" Phenomena of Nature, excepting an Earthquake,
" which I waited for in Naples three years in vain;
" and now by means of ſome Britiſh ſhip (whoſe
" colours no Spaniard dare approach*) I impatiently
" expect a ſafe paſſage to Jamaica, for that benefit.
" To thee, my Friend, whom Fate has marked for
" my Hiſtoriographer, I leave theſe my Commenta-
" ries, and others of my works. No more—be faith-
" ful and impartial."

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many Conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away (as I before related) by the jealouſy of the Queen's Miniſtry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his converſation, he for ſome years continued his Correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from

* This marks the time when the introduction was written.

from him was on occaſion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirſt of knowledge into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered Region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the ſtyle will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

OF THE PARENTAGE AND FAMILY OF SCRIBLERUS, HOW HE WAS BEGOT, WHAT CARE WAS TAKEN OF HIM BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AND WHAT PRODIGIES ATTENDED HIS BIRTH.

IN the City of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profeſſion an Antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curioſities, eſteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Per-

Memoirs] Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a ſatire on the abuſes of human learning; and to make it the better received, propoſed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had obſerved that thoſe abuſes ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and truth in no danger to ſuffer by the premature uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of our Author and his friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one, and the

Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiouſly traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers, in old times Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for ſuch was the name of this venerable Perſonage; whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Caſt from his family.

His wife was a Lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed, but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſper Barthius. It happened on a time, the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was ſkilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius

infirmities of the other, put a final period to their deſign, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of The Firſt Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Moral ſatire never loſt more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for thoſe they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing which related to ſcience; Mr. Pope was a maſter in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they had all in equal meaſure, and in a meaſure ſo large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully beſtowed it, or in whom Art had brought it to higher perfection. W.

Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what [a] Columeſius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in Revenge ſuffered this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the Iſſue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falſehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Beſides which, her Anceſtors had been profeſſors of Phyſick, Aſtrology, or Chemiſtry, in German Univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleſſed them with any Iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially conſidering what exact Precautions and Methods he had uſed to procure that Bleſſing; for he never had cohabitation with his ſpouſe, but he pondered on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according

[a] Columeſius relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his Opuſcul. p. 102. P.

cording to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his Wife for almoſt the whole firſt year to [b] Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that Author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming it was better to be childleſs, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miſcarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Foetus, he comforted himſelf, that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he diſdained not to treaſure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curioſities of his family.

Having diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he witheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this [c] Author aſſerting that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the foutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at weſt, a wind on which that great Philoſopher beſtowed the Encomiums of Fatner of the Earth, Breath of the Elyſian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals

[b] Galen Lib. de Cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3. R.
[c] Ariſt. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

Animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air [d].

Under theſe regulations, his wife, to his unexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs) he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable Eſtate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determined to ſet apart ſeveral annual Sums for the recovery of *Manuſcripts*, the effoſſion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*; and for all thoſe curious diſcoveries by which he hoped to become (as himſelf was wont to ſay) a ſecond *Peireſkius* [e]. He had already chalked out all poſſible ſchemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was ſo far prepared for the worſt that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had compoſed two Treatiſes of

[d] Religion of Nature, Sect. v. Parag. 15. P. The ſerioufneſs with which this ſtrange opinion, on ſo myſterious a point, is advanced, very well deſerved this ſtroke of ridicule. W.

[e] His life was elaborately written by Peter Gaſſendus. "He was," ſays Bayle, "attorney-general to the commonwealth of literature; he encouraged authors, furniſhed them with knowledge and materials, and ſpent his revenue in buying or getting copies of the moſt ſcarce and uſeful monuments; but had much pedantry and affectation about him. Balzac highly praiſes him."

of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Concert of Muſick once in twenty-four hours, according to the Cuſtom of the Magi: and that on a [f] particular day, he was obſerved to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the firſt of April, the birth-day of the great *Baſilius Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I muſt be ſo ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not ſo certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the firſt, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the ſecond, I only remember to have heard him ſay, that he firſt ſaw the light in St. Giles's Pariſh.

But

[f] Ramſay's Cyrus. P. It was with judgment, that the Authors rather choſe to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients, from whence he took it. As it is a ſure inſtance of folly, when amongſt the many excellent things which may be learned from Antiquity, we find a modern Writer only picking out their abſurdities. W.

Ramſay took this circumſtance from the ſeventeenth book of Strabo: "Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but the Magi ſeemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took care to keep them always in tranquillity and perpetual cheerfulneſs, by ſweet and innocent amuſements, to the end, that from the mother's womb the fruit might receive no impreſſions but what were pleaſing, peaceful, and agreeable, to order." Travels of CYRUS, v. i. p. 80.

But in tne inveſtigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was paſſing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a diſpute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Aſtrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time, and the deſcription of the perſon, made me imagine it might be that univerſal Genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the Codicil to Mr. Neal's Will:

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inſcription on the Column in the Centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neal's order was never performed, becauſe the Executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of Ink, as it had been

been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewiſe a [g] *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of Crabs: This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his Wit. A great ſwarm of [h] *Waſps* played round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides: This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *Muſhrooms:* This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *Fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a Swan, and was concluding his ſon would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper Kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Phyſick, his wings were the

[g] Virgil's Laurel. Donat. P.
[h] Plato, Lucan, &c. P.

the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral Nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logic, a knot of Metaphyſick, a knot of Caſuiſtry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen* [i].

There went a Report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals; he cried like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Magpye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Gooſe, and brayed like an Aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer [k].

[i] The enthuſiaſtic founder of the German and Engliſh Methodiſts, Muggletonians, Hernhuters, and the illuminated Devotees on the Continent. He was called the German Theoſophiſt. He was a Taylor at Gorlitz.

[k] Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphia, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. P.

CHAP. II*.

THE SPEECH OF CORNELIUS OVER HIS SON, AT THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

No ſooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention.

* Mr. Cambridge ſpeaks thus of the adventures in which his own Hero is engaged. Preface, p. 10.

"If we trace him book by book, we ſhall find him, in the firſt, an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the Ancients, deſirous to imitate their heroes in action, and their writers in ſentiment; and in this his extravagance does not exceed that of Pomponius Lætus, Belurger, and many others. He there appears in the light of an Antiquary, as is ſhewn by the collection which compoſes the pile; next of a Pedant, by his ſpeech on the food of different nations, wherein he prides himſelf in ſhewing what Pope calls,

—— "All ſuch reading as was never read."

The ſame character ſtill appears in his ſpeeches on Dreams and on Oracles. After this he is ſeen in no other throughout the whole work than that of an Alchymiſt. For three whole books he is a mere ſpectator and admirer of the follies of others. In the ſecond, his raſhneſs and injudicious curioſity are ſet forth in his voyage to ſee an earthquake; but when he arrives at the poetic land, it appears to be ſo little to his taſte, that he flies from it immediately. In the next country he comes to, he ſhews no genius himſelf for the arts of the place, of which he contents himſelf to be an humble admirer. He projects nothing mechanical, and only preſides over ſuch games as his companions had learned from the Queen. Thus are various abſurd arts introduced, neceſſary to the completion of the plan, without either clogging the Hero's character, or loſing ſight of him during the whole action; and thus it is evident that Scriblerus appears only as an Antiquary, Pedant, and Alchymiſt. The two firſt characters are almoſt inſeparable, and the laſt cannot be ſaid to be incompatible with them."

tion. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the other like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held[1] the child ſo long, that the Midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle him!" (quoth he) "far be it "from me to ſubmit to ſuch a pernicious Cuſtom! "Is not my ſon a Man? and is not Man the Lord of "the Univerſe? Is it thus you uſe this Monarch at "his firſt arrival in his dominions, to manacle and "ſhackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call "to be free-born? If you have no regard to his "natural Liberty, at leaſt have ſome to his natural "faculties. Behold with what agility he ſpreadeth "his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety "as his Fingers! a power, which in the ſmall circle "of a year may be totally aboliſhed, by the enor-"mous confinement of ſhoes and ſtockings. His Ears "(which other animals turn with great advantage to-"wards the ſonorous object) may, by the miniſtry "of ſome accurſed Nurſe, for ever lie flat and im-"moveable. Not ſo the Ancients, they could move "them at pleaſure, and accordingly are often deſcribed "*arrectis*

[1] Moſt happily copied by Sterne, that true diſciple of Swift, in the ſpeech that Triſtram Shandy makes over his ſon at his birth.

" *arrectis auribus.*" " What a devil!" (quoth the Midwife) " would you have your ſon move his Ears " like a Drill?" " Yes, fool," (ſaid he) " why " ſhould he not have the perfection of a Drill, or of " any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe: " My Dear, I have " had many diſputes with you upon this ſubject be- " fore I was a month gone: We have but one child, " and cannot afford to throw him away upon expe- " riments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gen- " tlemen, at home, and always under my own eye." All the Goſſips with one voice, cried " Ay, ay;" but Cornelius broke out in this manner. " What, " bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a " creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a Cab- " bage, to ſuck the nutritious juices from the ſpot " where he was firſt planted? No; to perambulate " this terraqueous Globe is too ſmall a Range; were " it permitted, he ſhould at leaſt make the tour of the " whole Syſtem of the Sun. [m] Let other Mortals " pore upon Maps, and ſwallow the legends of lying " Travellers; the ſon of Cornelius ſhall make his " own Legs his Compaſſes; with thoſe he ſhall mea- " ſure Continents, Iſlands, Capes, Bays, Streights, " and Iſthmus's: He ſhall himſelf take the altitude " of the higheſt mountains, from the peak of Derby " to

[m] What an aſſemblage of ſtrokes of true wit and original humour is there from hence to the end of this chapter.

" to the peak of Tenariff; when he has viſited the " top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucaſus, and the famous " Ararat, where Noah's Ark firſt moored, he may " take a ſlight view of the ſnowy Riphaeans; nor " would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, " renowned for poetical fictions. Thoſe that vomit " fire will deſerve a more particular attention: I will " therefore have him obſerve with great care Veſu- " vius, Etna, the burning mountain of Java, but " chiefly Hecla, the greateſt rarity in the Northern " Regions. Then he may likewiſe contemplate the " wonders of the Memphitic cave. When he has " dived into the bowels of the earth, and ſurveyed " the works of Nature under ground, and inſtructed " himſelf fully in the nature of Vulcanoes, Earth- " quakes, Thunders, Tempeſts, and Hurricanes, I hope " he will bleſs the world with a more exact ſurvey of " the deſerts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we " are able to obtain: Then will I have him croſs the " ſeven Gulphs, meaſure the currents in the fifteen " famous Streights, and ſearch for thoſe fountains of " freſh water that are at the bottom of the Ocean." —At theſe laſt words, Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the deſcription of this terrible Scene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric Fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

SHEWING WHAT BEFEL THE DOCTOR'S SON AND HIS SHIELD, ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTENING.

THE day of the Chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with Goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome *Ancient Cuſtom*.

He remembered to have read in [n] Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield; and being poſſeſſed of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a moſt ineſtimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, and to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a Diſſertation concerning it [o], proving

[n] In that beautiful idyllium of Theocritus on the infant Hercules ſtrangling the ſerpents, ſent by Juno to deſtroy him; a ſubject that has employed the maſterly pencil of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in a noble picture purchaſed by the Empreſs of Ruſſia; and in which Sir Joſhua combined all the ſtriking circumſtances mentioned by Pindar as well as Theocritus, that attended this ſtory.

[o] See the Diſſertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.

proving from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the Ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatiſe, and a moderate Supper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Caſe, (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt) and entruſted it to his Houſe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come ſhe ſhould lay the Child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Satin.

The Gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the Manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my Friends, I propoſe to exhibit my Son "before you; a Child not wholly unworthy of in- "ſpection, as he is deſcended from a Race of Virtuoſi. "Let the Phyſiognomiſts examine his Features; let the "Chirographiſts behold his Palm; but above all let "us conſult for the calculation of his Nativity. To "this end, as the Child is not vulgar, I will not pre- "ſent him unto you in a vulgar manner. He ſhall be "cradled in my Ancient Shield, ſo famous through "the Univerſities of Europe. You all know how I "have purchaſed that invaluable piece of Antiquity "at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence "of all the Plate of our family, how happily I car-

" ried it off, and how triumphantly I tranſported it
" hither to the inexpreſſible grief of all Germany.
" Happy in every circumſtance, but that it broke the
" heart of the great Melchior Inſipidus!"

Here he ſtopped his Speech, upon ſight of the Maid, who entered the room with the Child: He took it in his arms and proceeded:

" Behold then my Child, but firſt behold the Shield:
" Behold this Ruſt,—or rather let me call it this
" precious Erugo,—behold this beautiful varniſh
" of Time,—this venerable Verdure of ſo many
" Ages——"

In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the Mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on ſight of the whole, the Tremor became univerſal: The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, " O God! my Shield, my
" Shield!"

The Truth was, the Maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her Andirons [p].

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the Gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room,

[p] " Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
" Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd."

room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the Goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary water, Hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he ſaw the Shield in the hands of the Houſe-maid: "O Woman! "Woman!" he cried, (and ſnatched it violently from her) "was it to thy ignorance that this Relick owes "its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful Cruſt that "covered thee ſo long? where thoſe Traces of Time, "and *Fingers* as it were of Antiquity! Where all "thoſe beautiful obſcurities, the cauſe of much de-"lightful diſputation, where doubt and curioſity went "hand in hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpecula-"tions of the learned? All this the rude Touch of an "ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious* "*Prominence* at the belly of that figure, which "ſome taking for the *Cuſpis* of a ſword, denominated "a Roman Soldier; others accounting the *Inſignia* "*Virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; "behold ſhe hath cleaned it in like ſhameful ſort, and "ſhewn to be the head of a Nail. O my Shield! "my Shield! well may I ſay with Horace, *non bene* "*relicta Parmula.*"

The Goſſips, not at all enquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the Child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done "but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; "what a ſtir a man makes about a *Baſon*, that an hour

" ago, before this labour was beſtowed upon it, a " Country Barber would not have hung at his ſhop " door." "A *Baſon!* (cried another) no ſuch matter, " 'tis nothing but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle " broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly upon the Shield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be comforted, aſſuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent Fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE SUCTION AND NUTRITION OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS IN HIS INFANCY, AND OF THE FIRST RUDIMENTS OF HIS LEARNING.

As ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, ſpoke as follows: " Wiſely was it ſaid by " Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are two " barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which " he never beſtows on Mortals ſeparately, but con-

" ſtantly

" ſtantly mingles them together. Thus at the ſame
" time hath Heaven bleſſed me with the birth of a
" Son, and afflicted me with the ſcouring of my
" Shield. Yet let us not repine at his Diſpenſations,
" who gives, and who takes away; but rather join in
" prayer, that the Ruſt of Antiquity which he hath
" been pleaſed to take from my Shield, may be added
" to my Son; and that ſo much of it, as it is my
" purpoſe he ſhall contract in his Education, may
" never be deſtroyed by any modern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the Shield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr. Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Kemp, incruſted it with a new Ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his Child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurſe, concerning the Nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef, and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect:
" Had'ſt thou read the Ancients, O Nurſe, thou
" would'ſt prefer the welfare of the Infant which
" thou nouriſheſt, to the indulging of an irregular

" and

" and voracious Appetite. Beef, it is true, may " confer a Robuſtneſs on the limbs of my ſon, but " will hebetate and clog his Intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the Nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the Beef.—" Paſſion (continued the Doctor, ſtill " holding the diſh) throws the mind into too violent " a fermentation; it is a kind of Fever of the ſoul, " or, as Horace expreſſes it, a *Short Madneſs*. Con- " ſider, Woman, that this day's Suction of my ſon " may cauſe him to imbibe many ungovernable Paſ- " ſions, and in a manner ſpoil him for the temper of " a Philoſopher. Romulus, by ſucking a Wolf, be- " came of a fierce and ſavage diſpoſition; and were I " to breed ſome Ottoman Emperor, or Founder of a " Military Commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge " thee in this carnivorous Appetite."—What, interrupted the Nurſe, Beef ſpoil the underſtanding? that's fine indeed—[q] how then could our Parſon preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your Ancients, had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of Demonial black Broth?—" Lacedemonian black " Broth, thou would'ſt ſay, (replied Cornelius) but " I cannot allow the ſurfeit to have been occaſioned " by that diet, ſince it was recommended by the " Divine

[q] So ſtale and coarſe a jeſt on parſons might have been ſpared, though put indeed in the mouth of an old woman.

" Divine Lycurgus. No, Nurſe, thou muſt cer-
" tainly have eaten ſome meats of ill digeſtion the
" day before, and that was the real cauſe of his diſ-
" order. Conſider, Woman, the different Temper-
" aments of different Nations[r]: What makes the
" Engliſh phlegmatick and melancholy, but Beef?
" what renders the Welch ſo hot and cholerick, but
" Cheeſe and Leeks? the French derive their levity
" from their Soups, Frogs, and Muſhrooms: I would
" not let my Son dine like an Italian, leſt like an
" Italian he ſhould be jealous and revengeful: The
" warm and ſolid diet of Spain may be more bene-
" ficial, as it might indue him with a profound
" Gravity, but at the ſame time he might ſuck in
" with their food their intolerable Vice of Pride.
" Therefore, Nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it requiſite to
" deny you at preſent, not only Beef, but likewiſe
" whatſoever any of thoſe Nations eat." During this ſpeech, the Nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman obſerving, ordered that the Child, to avoid the riſque of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with Butter, mixed with Honey, according to a Preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave

[r] A fine and ſolid ridicule on thoſe who aſſign the characters of different nations to their food and diet alone. Sir W. Temple has done this in more than one of his eſſays.

gave the Child a great looſeneſs, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the Nurſe; under which having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a *Sow* with Pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct Inſult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life paſſed away in ſquabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus conſidered it was now time to inſtruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no ſmall pains in teaching him his *Catechiſm*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of Inſtruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleaſing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-ſhow* * of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the Hiſtory of the Bible. His firſt rudiments in prophane hiſtory were acquired by ſeeing of *Raree-ſhows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In ſhort, the old Gentleman ſo contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement

* The common Puppet-ſhews, on religious ſubjects, were certainly originally taken from, and were remains of, the old myſteries.

ment of his knowledge, even to his very Dreſs. He invented for him a Geographical ſuit of clothes, which might give him ſome hints of that Science, and likewiſe ſome knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, Engliſh Cloth lined with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spaniſh: He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call, "Travelling at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural Hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his Curioſity in *Sign-Poſts*, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found ſince in any Author, ſuch as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the ſame of Green Men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the Hiſtory of William of Newbury [t].

His diſpoſition to the Mathematicks was diſcovered very early, by his drawing [u] parallel lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal Angles, ſo as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midſt of all theſe Improvements, a ſtop was put

[t] Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27. P.

[u] Paſcal's Life.—Locke of Educ. &c. P.—There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for Mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to knowledge in Mr. Locke's book of Education.

put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the Writing-Maſter becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous [x] Montaigne was educated [y], and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtampt with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the Child the very firſt day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old [z], and at fourteen he

[x] One of the few writers whoſe many egotiſms are intereſting and amuſing; and who, by laying open what paſſed in his own heart, has given us a great inſight into human nature. The minute detail of the manner in which he was educated is very entertaining.

[y] Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly.

[z] So Montaigne ſays of his Latin—George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que

he compoſed a Tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger [a] Pliny had done before him.

He learned the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early reliſh for the Eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *Thouſand and One Arabian Tales*, and alſo the *Perſian Tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical Traditions of his *Nurſe*.

que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi à mains qu'ils craignoient à m'accoſter.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſqu' à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d'Artiſans et d'Outils.

[a] Plin. Epiſt. Lib. 7. P.

CHAP. V.*

A DISSERTATION UPON PLAY-THINGS.

HERE follow the Inſtructions of Cornelius Scribblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

"*Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy "againſt *Hunger*. Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, that "he invented *Dice* to ſerve ſometimes inſtead of a "dinner. It is therefore wiſely contrived by Nature, "that Children, as they have the keeneſt *Appetites*, "are moſt addicted to *Plays*. From the ſame cauſe, "and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity "of their minds, it proceeds, that the Plays of the "Ancient

* Whatever may be determined of other parts of theſe Memoirs, yet this chapter, the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, and tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain alluſions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and ſcience, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and courſe of his reading. The rich vein of humour which, like a vein of Mercury, runs through theſe memoirs, is much heightened and encreaſed by the great variety of learning which they contain; it is a fact in literary hiſtory worth obſerving, and which deſerves to be more attended to than I think it uſually is, that the chief of thoſe who have excelled in exquiſite works of wit and humour, have at the ſame time been men of extenſive learning. We may inſtance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler, above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than Hudibras.

" Ancient Children are preſerved more entire than " any other of their Cuſtoms [b]. In this matter I would " recommend to all who have any concern in my " Son's Education, that they deviate not in the leaſt " from the primitive and ſimple Antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *Whiſtle*, as it is the firſt of " all Play-things. I will have it exactly to corre- " ſpond with the ancient *Fiſtula*, and accordingly to " be compoſed *ſeptem paribus diſjuncta cicutis*.

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be made " after the true *Crepitaculum*, or *Rattle* of the An- " cients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opi- " nion) kept the children from breaking Earthen " Ware. The *China* Cups in theſe days are not at " all the ſafer for the modern *Rattles*; which is an " evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded " ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge a " *Top*, till I am better informed whether the *Trochus* " which was recommended by *Cato* be really our " preſent *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the Boys " drive with a ſtick. Neither *Croſs* and *Pile*, nor " *Ducks* and *Drakes*, are quite ſo ancient as *Handy-* " *dandy*,

[b] Dr. Arbuthnot uſed to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of tradition; it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt School-boys; whoſe games and plays are delivered down invariably the ſame, from one generation to another. W.

" *dandy*, though Macrobius and St. Auguſtine take " notice of the firſt, and Minutius Foelix deſcribes " the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mentioned by " Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

" The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and " the French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was " played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of " *Pſyché*, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *Omilla*, or *Chuck-* " *farthing*; though ſome will have our modern " *Chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the " Ancients. He alſo mentions the *Baſilinda*, or *King* " *I am*; and *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide*.

" But the *Chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame Author " is certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by " pinching and not by ſtriking; though there are " good authors who affirm the *Rathapygiſmus* to be " yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockles*. My ſon Mar- " tin may uſe either of them indifferently, they being " equally antique.

" *Building of Houſes*, and *Riding upon Sticks*, have " been uſed by Children in all ages; *Aedificare caſas*, " *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt " whether the Riding upon Sticks did not come into " uſe after the age of the *Centaurs*.

" There is one Play which ſhews the gravity of " ancient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which " children contended who could longeſt *ſtand ſtill*. " This we have ſuffered to periſh entirely; and, if

" I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly firſt " loſt among the *French*.

" I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidaſcinda*, " which can be no other than our *Puſs in a Corner*.

" Julius Pollux in his ninth book ſpeaks of the " *Melolonthe* or the *Kite*; but I queſtion whether the " Kite of Antiquity was the ſame with ours: And " though the Ὀρτυξοκοπία or *Quail-fighting* is what " is moſt taken notice of, they had doubtleſs *Cock-* " *matches* alſo, as is evident from certain ancient " Gems and Relievo's.

" In a word, let my Son Martin diſport himſelf at " any Game truly Antique, except one, which was " invented by a people among the Thracians, who " hung up one of their Companions in a Rope, and " gave him a Knife to cut himſelf down; which if he " failed in, he was ſuffered to hang till he was dead; " and this was only reckoned a ſort of joke. I am " utterly againſt this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the " beauty of the Greek names, whoſe Etymologies " acquaint us with the nature of the ſports; and how " infinitely, both in ſenſe and ſound, they excel our " barbarous names of Plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the Child the uſe of ſome few modern Play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early

notion of the Sciences. [c] For example, he found that Marbles taught him *Percuſſion* and the *Laws of Motion*; *Nut-crackers* the uſe of the *Lever*; *Swinging* on the ends of a Board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-ſcrews* the *Vice*; *Whirligigs* the *Axis* in *Peritrochia*; *Bird-cages* the *Pulley*; and *Tops* the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his ſports were carried further to improve his tender ſoul even in Virtue and Morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Conſtancy; the firſt in adhering

[c] This paſſage is equalled in humour by the Oxford Guide, p. 11.

"The ſchools of this univerſity are alſo more numerous than is commonly ſuppoſed; among which we muſt reckon three ſpacious and ſuperb edifices, ſituated to the ſouthward of the High-ſtreet, one hundred feet long, by thirty in breadth, vulgarly called Tennis Courts; where exerciſe is regularly performed both morning and afternoon. Add to theſe, certain ſchools, familiarly denominated Billiard Tables, where the laws of motion are exemplified, and which may be conſidered as a neceſſary ſupplement to our courſes of experimental philoſophy. Nor muſt we omit the many nine-pin and ſkittle-alleys, open and dry, for the inſtruction of ſcholars in geometrical knowledge, and particularly for proving the centripetal principle.

"Other ſchools, and places of academical diſcipline, not generally known as ſuch, may be mentioned. The Peripatetics execute the courſes proper to their ſyſtem upon the Parade; Navigation is learnt on the Iſis, Gunnery on the adjacent hills, Horſemanſhip on Port-meadow, Bullington-green, the Henley, Wycombe, Woodſtock, Abingdon, and Banbury Roads. The Axis in Peritrochio is admirably illuſtrated by a ſcheme in a phaeton; the doctrine of the ſcrew is practically explained moſt evenings in the private rooms, together with the motion of fluids."

hering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Cuſtom of the Lacedemonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE GYMNASTICS, IN WHAT EXERCISES MARTINUS WAS EDUCATED; SOMETHING CONCERNING MUSICK, AND WHAT SORT OF A MAN HIS UNCLE WAS.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt Antiquity, in relation to the *Exerciſes* of his Son. He was ſtript, powdered, and anointed, but not conſtantly bathed, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the Laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he played at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; becauſe the *Diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports, and common Cuſtoms; but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a Daughter be the care of her

" Mother, but the Education of a Son ſhould be the " delight of his Father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpaſtus* of the Ancients was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the Weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnaſticks*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his Mother he would inſtantly cure it: He ſlit a green Reed, and caſt the Knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced theſe words [d], *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter*; *huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abo, damnauſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her Son to the like dangerous Exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a Dancing-Maſter, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. " Dancing (quoth " Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* ſaid the " beſt Dancers were the beſt Warriors; but not thoſe " ſpecies

[d] Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. *Caton. de re ruſt.* c. 160. P.

" ſpecies of Dancing which you mention: They are " certainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satiric " Dance, which were utterly diſliked by the founder " Ancients. Martin ſhall learn the Tragic Dance " only, and I will ſend all over Europe, till I find an " Antiquary able to inſtruct him in the *Saltatio* " *Pyrrhica.* [e] Scaliger, from whom my ſon is line- " ally deſcended, boaſts to have performed this war- " like Dance in the preſence of the Emperor, to the " great admiration of all Germany. What would he " ſay, could he look down and ſee one of his poſte- " rity ſo ignorant, as not to know the leaſt ſtep of " that noble kind of *Saltation?*"

The poor Lady was at laſt enured to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſ- band was ſeized with a new thought. He had met with a ſaying, that " *Spleen*, *Garter*, and *Girdle*, are " the three impediments to the *Curſus.*" Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) ſays, that ſuch as excel in that exerciſe have their *Spleen* cauterized. " My Son " (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I " will have this operation performed upon him im- " mediately. Moreover it will cure that immoderate " Laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: For " Laughter

[e] Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, nos ſaepe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniae, repraeſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.* P.

" Laughter (as the ſame Author hath it, ibid.) is " cauſed by the bigneſs of the Spleen." This deſign was no ſooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and inſtantly ſent for his brother Albertus, begged him for the love of God to make haſte to her Huſband.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the World, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire Quota of his Viſcera. " What does it ſignify (quoth Albertus) whether " my Nephew excells in the *Curſus* or not? Speed " is often a ſymptom of Cowardice, witneſs Hares " and Deer."——" Do not forget Achilles (quoth " Cornelius) I know that Running has been con- " demned by the proud Spartans, as uſeleſs in war; " and yet Demoſthenes could ſay, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων " κὴ πάλιν μαχήσεται; a thought which the Engliſh " Hudibras has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.

" That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray conſider on " the other ſide that Animals [f] ſpleen'd grow ex- " tremely

[f] Blackmore's Eſſay on the Spleen. P.

" tremely ſalacious, an experiment well known in " dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replied gravely; " If it be ſo, I will defer the Operation, for " I will not encreaſe the powers of my Son's body " at the expence of thoſe of his mind. I am indeed " diſappointed in moſt of my projects, and fear I " muſt ſit down at laſt contented with ſuch Methods " of Education as modern barbarity affords. Happy " had it been for us all, had we lived in the age of " Auguſtus! Then my Son might have heard the " Philoſophers diſpute in the Porticos of the Pa- " laeſtra, and at the ſame time formed his Body and " his Underſtanding." " It is true (replied Alber- " tus) we have no *Exedra* for the Philoſophers, " adjoining to our Tennis-Courts; but there are " Alehouſes where he will hear very notable argu- " mentations: [g]Though we come not up to the An- " cients in the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the " κυβιστικὴ, or the art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients " would have beat us at *Quoits*, but not ſo much at " the *Jaculum* or *pitching the Bar*. The [h] *Pugilatus* " is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome; " and the *Corniſh-Hug* in the [i] *Luctus* is equal to the " *volu-*

[g] It is almoſt impoſſible to read, without a ſmile, what Brown, in his Diſſertation, p. 27. has, with much ſerioufneſs and gravity, advanced on the importance of Dancing among the Ancients; accompanied with ſomething like a wiſh, that modern Divines would make it a part of religious ceremonies.

[h] Fiſty-Cuffs. P.

[i] Wreſtling. P.

" *volutatoria* of the Ancients." " You could not " (anſwered Cornelius) have produced a more un- " lucky inſtance of modern folly and barbarity, than " what you ſay of the *Jaculum*. [k] The Cretans " wiſely forbid their ſervants Gymnaſtics, as well as " Arms; and yet your modern Footmen exerciſe " themſelves daily in the *Jaculum* at the corner of " *Hyde-Park*, whilſt their enervated Lords are lolling " in their chariots (a ſpecies of Vectitation ſeldom " uſed among the Ancients, except by old men.)" " You ſay well (quoth Albertus) and we have ſeveral " other kinds of Vectitation unknown to the An- " cients; particularly flying Chariots, where the " people may have the benefit of this exerciſe at the " ſmall expence of a farthing. But ſuppoſe (which " I readily grant) that the Ancients excelled us almoſt " in every thing, yet why this ſingularity? your Son " muſt take up with ſuch maſters as the preſent age " affords; we have Dancing-maſters, Writing-maſters, " and Muſick-maſters."

The bare mention of *Muſick* threw Cornelius into a paſſion. " How can you dignify (quoth he) this " modern fidling with the name of Muſick? Will " any of your beſt Hautboys encounter a Wolf now- " a-days with no other arms but their inſtruments, " as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever " wild Boars, Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales, " or

[k] Ariſtot. politic. lib. ii. cap. 3.

P.

" or Turbots, ſhewed the leaſt emotion at the moſt " elaborate ſtrains of your modern Scrapers, all which " have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by " ancient Muſicians? Does not [1] Aelian tell us how " the Lybian Mares were excited to horſing by " Muſick? (which ought in truth to be a caution to " modeſt Women againſt frequenting Operas; and " conſider, Brother, you are brought to this dilemma, " either to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the " power of your Muſick.) Whence proceeds the " degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not from the loſs " of ancient Muſick, by which (ſays Ariſtotle) they " taught all the Virtues? Elſe might we turn New- " gate into a College of Dorian Muſicians, who ſhould " teach moral virtues to thoſe people. Whence " comes it that our preſent diſeaſes are ſo ſtubborn? " whence is it that I daily deplore my ſciatical pains? " Alas! becauſe we have loſt their true cure by the " melody of the Pipe? [m]All this was well known to " the

[1] Aelian Hiſt. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. P.

[m] Nothing can exceed the exquiſite humour of this fine ridicule on the ſuppoſed effects of ancient muſic; which nobody has carried to a greater extreme than Iſaac Voſſius de Poemat. Cantû et Viribus Rhythmi, p. 47. who tells us, " That to build cities, ſurround them with walls, to aſſemble or diſmiſs the people, to celebrate the praiſes of gods and men, to govern fleets and armies, to accompany all the functions and ceremonies of peace and war, and to temper the human paſſions, were the original offices of muſic: In ſhort, ancient Greece was wholly governed by the lyre." Dr. Brown inſiſts that this ridicule of Scriblerus is founded on an entire miſrepreſentation or miſapprehenſion of the true nature of ancient muſic,

" the Ancients, as [n] Theopraſtus aſſures us (whence " [o] Caelius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*) only indeed " ſome ſmall remains of this ſkill are preſerved in the " cure of the Tarantula. Did not [p] Pythagoras ſtop " a company of drunken Bullies from ſtorming a " civil houſe, by changing the ſtrain of the Pipe to " the ſober Spondaeus? and yet your modern Muſi- " cians want art to defend their windows from com- " mon Nickers. It is well known, that when the " Lacedemonian Mob were up, they [q] commonly " ſent for a Leſbian Muſician to appeaſe them, and " they immediately grew calm, as ſoon as they heard " Terpander ſing: Yet I don't believe that the " Pope's whole band of Muſick, though the beſt of " this age, could keep his Holineſs's Image from " being burnt on a fifth of November." " Nor " would Terpander himſelf (replied Albertus) at " Billingſgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the " Hole,

muſic, which implied not only Melody, but Verſe or Song; and was the eſtabliſhed vehicle of all the leading principles of their Religion, Morals, and Polity. It was to ſuch an artiſt that Agamemnon conſigned the care of Clytemneſtra in his abſence, whoſe baniſhment furniſhed Thomſon with the fineſt part of his tragedy; and it is thus we muſt interpret what Polybius ſays of the effect of muſic, in the well-known paſſage of his fourth Book concerning the Arcadians. The reader will be much entertained by turning to the tenth ſection of Burney's excellent Hiſtory of Ancient Muſic.

[n] Athenaeus, lib. xiv. P.

[o] Lib. de ſanitate tuenda, cap. 2. P.

[p] Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. P.

[q] Suidas in Timotheo. P.

" Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of them " together bring [r] Horneck to common civility." " That's a groſs miſtake," (ſaid Cornelius very warmly) " and to prove it ſo, I have here a ſmall " Lyra of my own, framed, ſtrung, and tuned " after the ancient manner. I can play ſome frag- " ments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh I were to " try them upon the moſt paſſionate creatures alive." —" You never had a better opportunity" (ſays Albertus ;) " for yonder are two Apple-women ſcold- " ing, and juſt ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſatin upon his body: He touched his Lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the Man and of the Muſick, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole Mob that were got about the two female Champions, and at laſt of the Combatants themſelves. They all approached the Balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera, when ſome favourite air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his Muſick encouraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never touched his Lyre in ſuch a truly

[r] Horneck, a ſcurrilous Scribler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *the High German Doctor.*

truly chromatick and enharmonick manner as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. "Mark" (quoth he) "in this, the power "of the Ionian, in that, you ſee the effect of the "Aeolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt Air of Triumph in the world. "Brother," (ſaid he) "do you obſerve I have mixed "unawares too much of the *Phrygian*; I might "change it to the *Lydian*, and ſoften their riotous "tempers: But it is enough: learn from this Sample "to ſpeak with veneration of ancient Muſick. If "this Lyre in my unſkilful hands can perform ſuch "wonders, what muſt it not have done in thoſe of a "Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt Exultation in himſelf, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

CHAP. VII.

RHETORICK, LOGICK, METAPHYSICKS.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been ſaid) many ways been difapppointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his ſon, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judged it proper in the firſt place to inſtruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his Treatiſe on this ſubject: I mean the admirable Diſcourſe Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till, about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples, drawn from the excellent live Poets of this preſent age. We proceed therefore to *Logick* and *Metaphyſicks*.

The wiſe Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being *Polemical* Arts, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome Youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble Companion to his

his ſon in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's ſide was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was couſin to Mr. *Swan*, Gameſter and Punſter of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *Words*, which as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe Men, and ready money of Fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a Parent, and ſuch a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and Sciences.

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the uſe only of one Operation of the Intellect, though, like ſhort-ſighted men, they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: They can form *ſingle apprehenſions*[1], but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now at it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe, have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius

[1] When Dr. Mead once urged to our Author the authority of Patrick the Dictionary-maker, againſt the latinity of the expreſſion, *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, "that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together." W.

Cornelius quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the Intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe; however he uſed to ſay, that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from Material things of the abſtracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the Words, and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his Inſtructor, that All men were not *ſingular*; that Individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*, that madmen are *beſide themſelves*, and drunken men *come to themſelves*; which ſhews, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, Individuality [t]. Cornelius told Martin that a ſhoulder of Mutton

[t] "But if it be poſſible for the ſame man to have diſtinct incommunicable conſciouſneſs at different times, it is without doubt "the ſame man would at different times make different perſons. "Which we ſee is the ſenſe of mankind in not puniſhing the mad "man for the ſober man's actions, nor the ſober man for what the "mad man did, thereby making them two perſons; which is "ſomewhat explained by our way of ſpeaking in Engliſh, when "they ſay ſuch an one *is not himſelf*, or *is beſides himſelf*." *Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, B. ii. c. 27. W.

Pope frequently owned he did not reliſh Locke, nor the generality of writers on metaphyſical ſubjects.

Mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor;) but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the moſt lovely individual of the Univerſity. When he was told a *ſubſtance* was that which was *ſubject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *preſent* or *abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject*; ſince there are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his Stall among the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images; thus calling up the Coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the Bear-garden? the man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher; the Serjeant had red Breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Serjeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow runs "through the predicaments [u]. Men, *ſubſtantia*; "two,

[u] I have frequently heard Mr. Harris, who was a man of as much humour as philoſophy, laugh at and enjoy this paſſage of Scriblerus.

" two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; Serjeant " and Butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio* & " *paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; Stage, *ubi*; two a Clock, " *quando*; blue and red Breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a Logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural Philoſopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteriſticks of Relations: Crambe uſed to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a loſing Gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his Father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the Paternity and Filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the Tenth predicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin ſuppoſed an *Univerſal Man* to be like a Knight of the Shire, or a Burgeſs of a Corporation, that repreſented a great many Individuals. His Father aſked him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Uni-

verſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his Fur Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the Horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon, not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to ſhew himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his Horſe, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor [x]. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying Raſcal; that an *Univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clyſters a parte Rei*, but *Clyſters* are *Univerſales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum eſt inæſſe multis*, is an *univerſale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the Advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: In an advertiſement

[x] This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, concerning *general and abſtract Ideas*. But ſerious Writers have done that Philoſopher the ſame injuſtice with theſe wanton Wits, who employed this ridicule in compliment to the ſentiments of Lord Bolingbroke, who in his Metaphyſics, or *firſt Philoſophy*, borrows the reaſoning of thoſe ſerious Writers againſt *general and abſtract Ideas*. W.

tiſement of a Dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *Genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *praedicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Greyhound, of a mouſe-colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a Lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-coloured, &c. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to ſuch a Lady, *proprium.*

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing, more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatiſe of Syllogiſms.* He ſuppoſed, that a Philoſopher's brain was like a great Foreſt, where Ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds; that thoſe Ideas copulated, and engendered Concluſions; that when thoſe of different Species copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Concluſion. Hence they are called the *praemiſſa*, or Predeceſſors of the Concluſion; and it is properly ſaid by the Logicians, *quod pariant ſcientiam, opinionem*, they *beget* ſcience, opinion, &c. Univerſal Pro-

poſitions are Perſons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are ſaid to be of the firſt *Figure*. Singular Propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles all the rules of Syllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That there are only Three Terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſſes there follows an univerſal concluſion, as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

III. From the ſingular premiſes follows only a ſingular concluſion; that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *Individua vaga* are (like whore-maſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When

x. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily joined, (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the Affirmative propoſitions; the Negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this Syſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common it is for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not the iſſue of their premiſſes? therefore as an Abſurdity is a *Monſter*, a Falſity is a *Baſtard*; and a true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exerciſe the Weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father and his other Learned Companions of the Sympoſiacks. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe Diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke.

Their *Theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the Reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the Innate Deſire of the knowledge of Metaphyſicks was the cauſe of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed.*

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirmed.*

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or if one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus? affirmed.*

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible Angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent ſlye! denied.*

VII. If Angels paſs from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas*[y].

IX. Whether

[y] An hundred other queſtions, far more ridiculous than this, may be extracted out of Thomas Aquinas. It does not ſeem to be much known that he alſo was a Poet, and author of a celebrated Latin Hymn, beginning thus:

"Pange Lingua glorioſi
Corporis myſterium,
Sanguiniſque pretioſi
Quem in mundi Pretium,
Fructus Ventris generoſi
Rex effudit Gentium."

In

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel ſays to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the State of Innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number; or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned Perſon we may have occaſion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An praeter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentia ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus. Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to baniſh Metaphyſicks out of Spain, which it was ſuppoſed might be

In this Trochaïc meaſure moſt of the Hymns uſed in the Romiſh Church are written, the feet being to be meaſured by accent, not quantity, like the following:

"Where each old poetic mountain,
Inſpiration breath'd around!"

be effectuated by this method: That no-body ſhould uſe any Compound or Decompound of the Subſtantial Verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſtantia*, etc. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Subſtantial Forms*, a race of harmleſs beings, which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor Philoſophers, ſhould now be hunted down like ſo many Wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with them than with *Eſſences*, which had retired from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *Quint-eſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, amongſt the Gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logick*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.*

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his Reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which quality he acquired the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Profeſſor of Anatomy was demonſtrating to his ſon the ſeveral kinds of *Inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you pleaſe (he replied) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reaſon (anſwered the Profeſſor) affirm, that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration (ſaid Cornelius) ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not give it up. Show me any viſcus of the human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule in the ſtructure of it.

* There can be no doubt that this whole Chapter is by Dr. Arbuthnot, whoſe ſcience was equal to his humour, and much heightened by it.

it. If Nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antediluvian; of the ſtrength of Samſon, or the ſize of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in the parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard Drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Conſider how Luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them not improbably altered the whole Courſe of the Fluids. Conſider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be ſo vain to imagine, that the Microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the Profeſſor to that degree that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a Malefactor, he hired a Room for its diſſection near the

the Peſt-fields in St. Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn-Road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few Houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of Operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Economy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin, with all his Philoſophy, could not prevail upon him to return to his Poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked, the landlady cried out Thieves! but the landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid, with only a ſingle petticoat, ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked

looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The wife ran into the ſtreet, and cried out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The Watch imagining they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Juſtice firſt examined Crambe —What is your Name? ſays the Juſtice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf; though it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is yours and your Maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs to imbrue our hands in blood; "we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of "thoſe that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied "women, and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's Confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the "body of this man, I can anſwer each head that my "accuſers allege againſt me, to a hair. They have "hitherto talked like num-ſculls without brains;

"but

" but if your Worſhip will not only give ear, but " regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be " brow-beaten by the ſupercilious looks of my ad- " verſaries, who now ſtand cheek by jowl by your " Worſhip. I will prove to their faces, that their " foul mouths have not opened their lips without a " falſity; though they have ſhowed their teeth as if " they would bite off my noſe. Now, Sir, that I " may fairly ſlip my neck out of the collar, I beg " this matter may not be ſlightly ſkinned over. " Though I have no man here to back me, I will " unboſom myſelf, ſince Truth is on my ſide, and " ſhall give them their bellies full, though they think " they have me upon the hip. Whereas they ſay " I came into their lodgings, with arms, and mur- " dered this man without their privity, I declare I " had not the leaſt finger in it; and ſince I am to " ſtand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter " ſhall be left till I ſet it upon a right foot. In the " vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and " guts bear this uſage: I ſhall not ſpare my lungs " to defend my good name: I was ever reckoned a " good liver; and I think I have the bowels of com- " paſſion. I aſk but juſtice, and from the crown of " my head to the ſole of my foot, I ſhall ever ac- " knowledge myſelf, your Worſhip's humble Ser- " vant."

The Juſtice ſtared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked

talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the Finiſher of human laws, of whom the Corpſe had been purchaſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. "What Demon," he cried, "hath poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt never forſake "that impertinent cuſtom of punning? Neither my "counſel nor my example have thus miſled thee; "thou governeſt thyſelf by moſt erroneous Max-"ims." Far from it (anſwers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the ſeaſons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word: but this day in particular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *Led?* Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Phyſicians and Pulſes fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Aſs are bride-led, an Old-married Man and a Pack-horſe ſad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are ſty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are ſpark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin, ſtamp-

ſtamping with his foot) which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, compoſing his countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds ſeventeen ſhillings and nine-pence: thou haſt been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burſt forth in theſe words:—O Cicero, Cicero[a]! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd.—Whereupon Martin (conſidering that one of the greateſt of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) heſitated, relented, and reinſtated Crambe in his Service.

[a] Who irritated Auguſtus by his pun on the word *Tollendus*, applied to that Uſurper. Cicero it is well known had too much levity in his witty ſarcaſms.

CHAP. IX.

HOW MARTINUS BECAME A GREAT CRITIC.

IT was a moſt peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors* [b], if applied to their Works, with the ſame *diligence*, and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolved to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *moſt correct* Authors could be ſo ſerved with any reputation to the Critic, the amendment

[b] Jortin has more than once animadverted on our Author's Sarcaſms on Critics and Grammarians; and, in the Life of Eraſmus, ſays, "I remember to have met with a paſſage in a certain writer, which is not at all favourable to the Grammarians. 'My friendſhip I beſtow upon Philoſophers;—as to Sophiſts, little Grammarians, and ſuch ſort of ſcoundrels, and Cacodæmons, I neither have, or ever will have, any regard for them.' The man abhors Grammarians and Grammar, I ſuppoſe. But who is the author of this bit of Greek, thus literally tranſlated? An extraordinary perſon, I aſſure you; a Projector, a Viſionaire, a Linguiſt by inſpiration, a Crack, a Conjurer; in ſhort, Apollonius Tyanenſis. He is the man; and the Grammarians account it no diſgrace to be vilified by a Mountebank."

amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; whereby a new, a vaſt, nay boundleſs Field of Glory would be opened to the true and *abſolute Critic.*

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re [c]. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

OF MARTINUS'S UNCOMMON PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND HOW HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISEASES OF THE MIND.

BUT it is high time to return to the Hiſtory of the Progreſs of Martinus in the Studies of Phyſick, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many Diſcoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One

[c] Sir Iſaac Newton, it is ſaid, ſpoke with much contempt (but ſurely without juſt grounds) of thoſe two accompliſhed ſcholars and critics, for ſquabbling, as he expreſſed it, about an old play-book. Whiſton mentions this in his Memoirs of Dr. Clarke, p. 113.

One of the firſt was his Method of inveſtigating latent Diſtempers, by the ſagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The ſucceſs, and the adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe Animals, to ſmell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *Liſt of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the Repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both Houſes of Parliament, intitled, *A Propoſal for a general Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

But being wearied of all practice on *foetid Bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of Conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a Twelve-month's courſe of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specificks for all the *Paſſions*; and as other Phyſicians throw their Patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he caſt them into Love, Hatred, Hope, Fear, Joy, Grief, &c. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Paſſions in the Engliſh Nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *Anatomy*. He conſidered *Virtues*

and

and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies becauſe it has Wings, a Duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles [d] in Lions and Tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual Immorality of thoſe Animals.

1ſt, He obſerved, that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that Paſſion, you will in time abate the Paſſion itſelf, in like manner as Caſtration abates Luſt.

2dly, That the Soul in mankind expreſſeth every Paſſion by the Motion of ſome particular *Muſcles*.

3dly, That all Muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual Paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the Muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that Paſſion.

4thly, That a Muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakening or ſtrengthening the force of its Antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed, he took notice, That

[d] Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*, *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he obſerved, that complaiſant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent there was a great overbalance of ſtrength in the Extenſors of the Neck and the Muſcles of the Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the title of *ſtiff-necked*: In order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of Muſcles called *Recti interni*, the Maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, muſt be ſtrengthened; their Antagoniſts, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the Extenſors of the Spine weakened: For which purpoſe Nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this Muſcular Immorality by tying ſuch fellows *Neck and Heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Cuſtom of Mothers, who aboliſh the natural Signature of Modeſty in their Daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping* and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *Poſture of the Head* of ſuch as they

they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muſcles ſo ſtrong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might in ſome meaſure be corrected by being tied down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores Scapulae*: This Muſcle is called the Muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of Mind people ſhrug and raiſe up the ſhoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *Henpecked Huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh Miniſters*.

In purſuance of his Theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *Eye-lids* muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteddy and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Noſe*, were too ſtrong in Cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Noſe*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the paſſion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *Calves* of their *Legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *Affectation*, in which there were ſo many Muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *Laughter*[f]: When any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of Muſcles theſe laughing Raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the Diaphragm and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſpherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſuccuſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and give ſuch Patients over.

[f] Lord Cheſterfield has been juſtly ridiculed for his formal and affected cenſure of Laughter, as a part of behaviour unſuited to a perſon of quality. Congreve gives the ſame ſentiment to Lord Froth.

CHAP. XI.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN AT COURT, WITH THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

An eminent Inſtance of Martin's Sagacity in diſcovering the Diſtempers of the Mind, appeared in the caſe of a young Nobleman at Court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but Flatterers, Poets, and Pick-pockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *Love*.

His friends aſſured him, that they had with great care obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no Woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be?" (ſaid his Aunt, who came to aſk the advice) "when he "converſes almoſt with none but himſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied; why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed people do not enough attend this Diſeaſe, which

which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure with the other: eſpecially ſince here the caſe of the Patient is the more helpleſs and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate paſſion is more blind than the other. There are people, who diſcover from their very youth a moſt amorous inclination to themſelves; which is unhappily nurſed by ſuch Mothers, as, with their good will, would never ſuffer their children to be *croſſed in love.* Eaſe, luxury, and idleneſs, blow up this flame as well as the other: Conſtant opportunities of converſation with the perſon beloved (the greateſt of incentives) are here impoſſible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, ſpeaking a good word for the party, and carry about Billet-doux. Therefore I aſk you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a ſort of people who bring him dedications and verſes? "O Lord! "Sir," (quoth the Aunt) "the houſe is haunted with "them."—There it is (replied Scriblerus) thoſe are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himſelf. Are there no civil Ladies, that tell him he dreſſes well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why "truly, Sir, my Nephew is not aukward."—Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days theſe ſort of lovers were happy in one reſpect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies ſo—Be pleaſed to anſwer a few queſtions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himſelf,

quoth

quoth the Aunt.—Whoſe wit and breeding does he moſt commend? His own, quoth the Aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himſelf.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himſelf.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himſelf in his looking-glaſs.—Why does he throw back his head in that languiſhing poſture? Only to be bleſſed with a ſmile of himſelf as he paſſes by.—Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermillion.—Have you obſerved him to uſe Familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: he often embraces himſelf "with folded arms, he claps his hand upon his hip, "nay ſometimes thruſts it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any Love-toys; ſuch as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-caſes? thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo," (ſaid the Aunt) "but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant dia-"mond Ring for his own wearing."—Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpoſe.—Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation "makes him angry; if you ſhake him a little roughly

"by

" by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck " him under the chin, he will return you a box on " the ear."——Then the caſe is plain: he has the true Pathognomick ſign of Love, *Jealouſy*; for no body will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this Caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret Intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this Patient has not the leaſt care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almoſt paſt cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

Firſt, let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, ſhun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-ſcoute. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-caſes (and particularly the Diamond Ring) which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent to him the many vile Qualities of this Miſtreſs of his: let him be ſhewn, that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf; and if Treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a Miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort, let him be made to ſee that no mortal beſides

ſides himſelf either loves or can ſuffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glaſſes, poliſhed Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurprize the Beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling Animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the Letters, Dedications, etc. aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius[s] and others to be a powerful remedy in the caſe of Women. If all this will not do, I muſt e'en leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the Fate of moſt violent Self-lovers.

[s] Lucretius, towards the end of the fourth book. The ſatire in this and the next chapter is ſo exquiſite, that it is difficult to know which to prefer.

CHAP. XII.

HOW MARTINUS ENDEAVOURED TO FIND OUT THE SEAT OF THE SOUL, AND OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE FREE-THINKERS.

IN this Deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the Diſeaſes of the Mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which at firſt he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, ſometimes in the Stomach, and ſometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: [h] The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and

[h] Enquiries into the Seat of the Soul are finely ridiculed in the firſt canto of Prior's Alma; an original work, and perhaps the very beſt of all his compoſitions, which abounds equally in wit, pleaſantry, humour, and good ſenſe, and is a perfect pattern of facility of verſification. When Prior aſked Pope how he liked his Solomon, he anſwered, "Your Alma is a maſterpiece." The other replied, "What do you tell me of my Alma—a looſe and haſty ſcribble, to relieve the hours of my impriſonment." This judgment of Pope occaſioned two ſatirical lines in a poem, written afterwards, called The Impertinent:

"Indeed poor Solomon in rhime,
Was much too grave to be ſublime."

For it was his Solomon on which Prior chiefly valued himſelf. In ſome manuſcripts of Prior, which I once read by the favour of the late Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland, he ſays he took the idea of his Alma from a Spaniſh writer, who deſcribes the progreſs of the Soul from the toes to the head.

and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral Offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this Hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform ſeveral operations by her little Miniſters, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Profeſſions. Thus in Epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philoſophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fidlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different figure of this Gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different Tempers of mankind. He ſuppoſed that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the Soul as it were an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that Calves and Philoſophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body

of

of one of the firſt Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe Enquiries into the *Seat* of the *Soul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the ſociety of *Free Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following Letter:

TO THE LEARNED INQUISITOR INTO NATURE, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: THE SOCIETY OF FREE-THINKERS GREETING.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it ſhould not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly called the *Soul:* Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the Reſidence of ſuch a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming Philoſophers. Is it not *Demonſtration* to a perſon of your Senſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded Sophiſms of thoſe crack-brained fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *Perception* or *Thinking.*

One

[e]One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of Matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking Being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* Quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: So in an Animal, the Self-conſciouſneſs is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roaſting in a Jack) but the reſult of ſeveral Modes or Qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one Animal. As perception, or conſciouſneſs, is ſaid to be inherent in this Animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the Jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, etc. are the ſeveral Modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, etc. are the ſeveral Modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general Quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; ſo neither does Conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral Modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but is the reſult

[e] This whole Chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments againſt Clarke, to prove the Soul to be only a Quality.

reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole Animal.

Juſt ſo, the Quality or Diſpoſition of a Fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Inſtrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Perſon that compoſes them.

The Parts (ſay they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation: ſo that the ſame Individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual Conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, muſt not only be conſcious, but conſcious that it is the ſame being with the particle B that went before.

We anſwer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be underſtood in no other ſenſe than that maxim of the Engliſh Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, ſelf-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Succeſſor; who, as ſoon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which ſtill preſerves the Unity of the whole Syſtem.

They make a great noiſe about this Individuality: how a man is conſcious to himſelf that he is the ſame

Indi-

Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithſtanding the flux ſtate of the Particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is capable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings, which his maid darned ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of Conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings, both before and after the darning; and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings: and yet after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the firſt pair of ſtockings, but they were grown to be ſilk ſtockings, as was ſaid before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conſcious of ſome individual ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining principle; it is anſwered, that, as in a Houſe of Commons all things are determined by a *Majority*, ſo it is in every Animal ſyſtem. As that which determines the Houſe is ſaid to be the reaſon of the whole aſſembly; it is no otherwiſe with thinking Beings, who are determined by the greater force of ſeveral particles; which, like ſo many unthinking Members, compoſe one thinking Syſtem.

And whereas it is likewiſe objected, that Puniſhments cannot be juſt that are not inflicted upon the

ſame individual, which cannot ſubſiſt without the notion of a ſpiritual ſubſtance: We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewiſe a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predeceſſors.

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the Brain, the ſeveral Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomiſts, that the Brain is a Congeries of Glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of the blood, called Animal ſpirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the Arietation and Motion of the Spirits in thoſe Canals, proceed all the different ſorts of Thoughts. Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one Simple Canal; when two of theſe Canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a Propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional Canals empty themſelves into a third, they form a Syllogiſm, or a Ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the Brain, made up of veſſels ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner it is eaſy to explain the other Modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceed from the bad configuration of thoſe Glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical Canals; in others, that

reaſon

reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the Spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuſes, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our Hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our Members, a great Virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an Hydraulick Engine, in which a chemical liquor reſembling blood, is driven through elaſtic channels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: And we are perſuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your Country Parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his Maſter

by no means to enter into their Society, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP. XIII.*

THE DOUBLE MISTRESS.

BUT now the ſucceſsful courſe of the Studies of Martin was interrupted by Love: Love, that unnerves the vigour of the Hero, and ſoftens the ſeverity of the Philoſopher. It chanced, that as Martin was walking forth to inhale the freſh breeze of the Evening, after the long and ſevere ſtudies of the day, and paſſing through the Weſtern confines of the famous Metropolis of Albion, not far from the proud Battlements of the Palace of Whitehall, whoſe walls are embraced by the ſilver Thames; his eyes were drawn upwards by a large ſquare piece of canvas, which hung forth to the view of the paſſing Citizens. Upon it was pourtrayed by ſome accurate pencil, the Lybian Leopard, more fierce than in his native Deſart; the mighty Lion, who boaſted thrice the bulk of the Nemæan Monſter; before whom ſtood the little Jackall,

* It is thought proper here to inſert this Chapter, omitted in the laſt Edition, though publiſhed in the Quarto, 1741, as it is full of the moſt exquiſite original humour.

Jackall, the faithful ſpy of the King of beaſts: Near theſe was placed, of two cubits high, the black Prince of Monomotapa; by whoſe ſide were ſeen the glaring Cat-a-mountain, the quill-darting Porcupine, and the man-mimicking mantiger. Cloſe adjoining to this hung another piece of canvas, on which was diſplayed the portrait of two Bohemian Damſels, whom Nature had as cloſely united as the ancient Hermaphroditus and Salmacis; and whom it was as impoſſible to divide, as the mingled waters of the gentle Thames and the amorous Iſis. While Martin ſtood in a meditating poſture, feaſting his eyes on this picture, he heard on a ſudden the ſonorous notes of a Clarion, which ſeemed of the pureſt cryſtal: In an inſtant the paſſing multitude flocked to the ſound, as when a Drum ſummons the ſtraggling ſoldiers to the approaching Battle. The youthful Virtuoſo, who was in daily purſuit of the Curioſities of Nature, was immediately ſurrounded by the gazing throng.—The doors, for ever barred to the pennyleſs populace, ſeemed to open themſelves at his producing a Silver Sixpence, which (like Æneas's golden bough) gained him admiſſion into that ſcene of wonders. He no ſooner entered the firſt apartment, but his noſtrils were ſtruck with the ſcent of carnage; broken bones and naked carcaſes beſtrewed the floor. The majeſtic Lion rouſed from his bed, and ſhook his brindled mane; the ſpotted Leopard gnaſhed his angry teeth, and walking to and fro, in indignation rattled his

chains. Martin with infinite pleaſure heard the Hiſtory of the ſeveral Monſters, which was courteouſly opened to him by a Perſon of a grave and earneſt mien, whoſe frank behaviour and ready anſwers diſcovered him to have been long converſant with different Nations, and to have journeyed through diſtant Regions. By him he was informed, that the Lion was hunted on the hills of Lebanon, by the Baſha of Jeruſalem; that the Leopard was nurſed in the uninhabited woods of Lybia; the Porcupine came from the kingdom of Preſter-John; and the Man-tiger was a true deſcendant of the celebrated Hanniman the Magnificent. Sir, ſaid Mr. Randal, (for that was the name of the Maſter of the Show) the whole world cannot match theſe prodigies: twice have I ſailed round the globe; theſe feet have traverſed the moſt remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conſcience affirm, that not all the Deſarts of the four quarters of the earth furniſh out a more complete ſet of animals than what are contained within theſe walls. —Friend, (anſwered Martin) bold is thy aſſertion, and wonderful is the knowledge of a Traveller. But didſt thou ever riſque thyſelf among the Scythian Cannibals, or thoſe wild Men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards? haſt thou ever ſeen the Sciopi, ſo called becauſe, when laid ſupine, they ſhelter themſelves from the ſun-beams with the ſhadow of their feet? canſt thou procure me a Troglodyte Footman, who can catch a Roe at his full ſpeed? haſt

thou

thou ever beheld thoſe Illyrian Damſels, who have two ſights in one eye, whoſe looks are poiſonous to males that are adult? haſt thou ever meaſured the gigantic Ethiopian, whoſe ſtature is above eight cubits high, or the ſeſquipedalian Pigmey? haſt thou ever ſeen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a dog, and whoſe milk is the only true ſpecific for Conſumptions?—Sir, (replied Mr. Randal) all theſe have I beheld, upon my honour, and many more, which are ſet forth in my journal: as for your dog-faced men, they are no other than what ſtands before you; that is naturally the fierceſt, but by art the tameſt Man-tiger in the world.—That word (replied Martin) is a corruption of the Mantichora of the Ancients, the moſt noxious animal that ever infeſted the earth, who had a ſting above a cubit long, and would attack a rank of armed men at once, flinging his poiſonous darts ſeveral miles around him. Canſt thou inform me whether the Boars grunt in Macedonia? canſt thou give me a certificate that the Lions in Africa are afraid of the ſcolding of Women? haſt thou ever heard the ſagacious Hyæna counterfeit the voice of a Shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a Man to draw the dogs together, and even call a Shepherd by his proper name? your Crocodile is but a ſmall one; but you ought to have brought with him the bird Trochilos, that picks his teeth after dinner, at which the ſilly animal is ſo pleaſed, that he gapes wide enough to give the Ichneumon, his mortal enemy,

enemy, an entrance into his belly. Your modern Oſtriches are dwindled to mere Larks in compariſon to thoſe of the Ancients; theirs were equal in ſtature to a man on horſeback. Alas! we have loſt the chaſte bird Porphyrion, the whole race was deſtroyed by Women, becauſe they diſcovered the infidelity of Wives to their Huſbands. The Merops too is now no where to be found, the only bird that flew backwards by the tail. But ſay, canſt thou inform me what Dialect of the Greek is ſpoken by the birds of Diomede's Iſland? for it is from them only we can learn the true pronunciation of that ancient language.—Mr. Randal made no ſatisfactory anſwer to theſe demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern Monſters, and ſeemed willing to confine his inſtances to the animals of his own collection, pointing to each of them in order with his rod.

After Martin had ſatisfied his curioſity here, he was conducted into another apartment. Juſt at the entrance of the door appeared a Negroe Prince. His habiliments beſpoke him royal; his head was crowned with the feather of an Oſtrich, his ſable feet and legs were interlaced with purple and gold, ſpangled with diamonds of Cornwall, and the precious ſtones of Briſtol. Though his ſtature was of the loweſt, yet he behaved himſelf with ſuch an air of grandeur, as gave evident tokens of his Regal Birth and Education. He was mounted upon the leaſt Palfrey in the Univerſe; a Palfrey whoſe natural beauty ſtood not in need

need of thoſe various coloured ribbons which braided his mane, and were interwoven with his tail. Again the cryſtal clarion ſounded, and after ſeveral courteous ſpeeches between the black Prince and Martin, our youthful Philoſopher walked into the midſt of the room, to bleſs his ſight with the moſt beautiful curioſity of nature. On a ſudden, entered at another door, the two Bohemian Siſters, whoſe common parts of generation had ſo cloſely allied them, that Nature ſeemed here to have conſpired with Fortune, that their lives ſhould run in an eternal parallel.

The Sun had twice eight times performed his annual courſe, ſince their Mother brought them into the world with double pangs. Lindamira's eyes were of a lively blue; Indamora's were black and piercing. Lindamira's cheeks might rival the bluſh of the morning; in Indamora the lily overcame the roſe. Lindamira's treſſes were of the paler gold, while the locks of Indamora were black and gloſſy as the plumes of a raven. How great is the power of Love in human breaſts? In vain has the wiſe man recourſe to his reaſon, when the inſinuating arrow touches his heart, and the pleaſing poiſon is diffuſed through his veins. But then how violent, how tranſporting muſt that paſſion prove, where not only the fire of youth, but the unquenchable curioſity of a Philoſopher, pitched upon the ſame object! For how much ſoever our Martin was enamoured on her as a beautiful woman, he was infinitely more raviſhed with her as a charming

ing Monſter. What wonder then if his gentle ſpirit, already humanized by a polite education to receive all ſoft impreſſions, and fired by the ſight of thoſe beauties ſo laviſhly expoſed to his view, ſhould prove unable to reſiſt at once ſo pleaſing a paſſion and ſo amiable a phænomenon?

Martin, who felt the true motions of Love, bluſhed that the object of his flame ſhould be ſo openly proſtituted to vulgar eyes; and though he had been permitted to peruſe her moſt ſecret charms, yet his honourable paſſion was ſo ſtrong, that it ran into the extreme of baſhfulneſs; ſo that at the firſt interview he made no overtures of his Love. Penſive he returned, and flinging himſelf on his couch, paſſed away the tedious hours of the night in the utmoſt Inquietude. The ruſhy Taper afforded a glimmering light, by which he contemplated the tender lines of Ovid; but, alas! his Remedy of Love was no cure for our unhappy Lover's anxiety! He cloſed the amorous volume, ſighed, and caſting his eyes around on the Books that adorned his room, broke forth in this pathethic Apoſtrophe:

"O ye Spirits of Antiquity, who yet live in thoſe "ſacred leaves! why do I make you conſcious of my "ſhame? Yet why ſhould I depreciate the noble "paſſion of Love, and call it ſhame? Your Heroes "have felt it, your Poets and Orators have praiſed "it. Were I enamoured on ſome gaudy Virgin, did "I doat on vulgar Perfection, the Luſtre of an Eye, or

"the

" the Roſe of a Cheek; with reaſon might I bluſh
" before you, moſt learned Inquiſitorsi nto Nature!
" moſt reverend Pliny, Ælian, and Aldrovandus!
" Yet ſure you cannot diſapprove of this, which is
" no wanton Paſſion, but excited by ſo unparalleled
" a Production; a flame that may not only juſtify
" itſelf to the ſeverity of a Philoſopher, but even to
" the avarice of a Parent; ſince ſhe who cauſes it
" carries a moſt plentiful Fortune, in the ſole exhi-
" bition of her perſon. Heavens! how I wonder at
" the ſtupidity of Mankind, who can affix the op-
" probrious name of Monſtroſity to what is only
" Variety of Beauty, and a profuſion of generous
" Nature? If there are charms in one face, one mouth,
" one body; if there are charms in two eyes, two
" breaſts, two arms; are they not all redoubled in
" the object of my Paſſion? What though ſhe be the
" common gaze of the multitude, and is followed
" about by the ſtupid and ignorant; does ſhe not
" herein reſemble the greateſt Princes and the greateſt
" Beauties? only with this difference, that her Ad-
" mirers are more numerous and more laſting."

Thus ſighed he away the melancholy night; but no ſooner had Aurora, with bluſhes in her cheeks, (as conſcious that ſhe was juſt riſen from the embraces of Tithon), advanced through the purple gates of the Eaſt, but Martin roſe: He roſe indeed; but Melancholy, the companion of his ſlumbers, roſe and waked with him. This was the firſt day that he

amuſed

amuſed himſelf with the gaudy ornaments of the body; that with ſecret pleaſure he contemplated his face, and the ſymmetry of his limbs, in a looking-glaſs. And now forſaking his ſolitary apartment, he walked directly to the habitation that confined the object of his deſires. But as it is obſerved that the Curious never wander into the City to indulge their thirſt of knowledge till about the hours of eleven or twelve; the Morning has ever been the ſeaſon of Repoſe for all thoſe animals, who (trapanned by the frauds of Men) have been obliged to change their Woods and Wilderneſſes for Lodgings in Cities at the rate of four ſhillings a week. Therefore Martin, at this early hour, was neither ſaluted by the ſound of the trumpet, nor were his eyes feaſted as before with the pleaſing picture of his Miſtreſs, but he walked to and fro before the door with folded arms, from the hour of five to eleven, humming in a low and melancholy tune.

The Trumpet no ſooner ſounded, but his heart leapt for joy, and a ſecond ſixpence gained him a ſecond admittance into her apartment. Yet this day alſo he only owned his paſſion in the language of his eyes: But, alas! this language is only underſtood by thoſe that love, and Lindamira remained ſtill ignorant of his Paſſion.

In the mean time it was no ſmall cauſe of wonder to Mr. Randal, that this Gentleman ſhould come every day to behold the ſame ſhow. He, no leſs covetous than the Guardian of a rich Heireſs, entertained

tained a ſuſpicion that Martin had a deſign of ſtealing the Ladies. He thereupon iſſued out ſtrict orders, not to admit our Lover on any pretence whatſoever. What Torments muſt this occaſion in the raging fever of Love! Martin had now recourſe to ſtratagem, and by a bribe (which often even the ermine and ſcarlet robe cannot reſiſt) gained the Dwarf who kept the gates of the Show-room, to promote his amour. He promiſed to convey a letter to Lindamira the ſame evening, if he would bring it him when darkneſs favoured his deſign, at the apartment next the Monſters. Martin overjoyed, haſted home; and after having conſulted all the Authors that treat of Love, compoſed his Billet-deux, and at the time appointed went to entruſt it to the hands of his Confident. Softly he ſtole up ſtairs, approached the door, and gave a gentle rap; when on a ſudden a ſmall hand was thruſt through a little hole at the bottom of the door, whence iſſued an unintelligible, ſqueaking voice. Martin concluding it to be the ſignal, delivered his Epiſtle, and made his retreat unobſerved. He was no ſooner retired, but Mr. Randal entered, and (as it was his uſual cuſtom before he went to bed) took a view if all were ſafe in the Show-room. At his coming in, he ſaw his Monkey exceedingly buſy in picking the Seal-wax by little bits from a letter, which he turned over and over with infinite ſatisfaction. Mr. Randal, not thinking it a breach of honour to pry into the

the ſecrets of his own family, took the letter from him, and read as follows:

" TO THE MOST AMIABLE LINDAMIRA.

" While others, O darling of Nature! look upon thee with the eyes of curioſity, I behold thee with thoſe of Love. Since I have been ſtruck with thy moſt aſtoniſhing charms, how have I called upon Nature to make a new head, new arms, and a new body, to ſprout from this ſingle trunk of mine, and to double every member, ſo as to render me a proper Mate for ſo lovely a pair! but think to how little purpoſe it will be for thee to ſtay till Nature ſhall form another of thy kind! In ſuch beauties ſhe exhauſts her whole art, and cannot afford to be prodigal. Ages muſt be numbered; nay perhaps ſome Comet may vitrify this globe on which we tread, before we behold a Caſtor and a Pollux reſembling the beauteous Lindamira and Indamora. Nature forms her wonders for the Wiſe, and ſuch a Maſter-piece ſhe could deſign for none but a Philoſopher. Ceaſe then to diſplay thoſe beauties to the profane vulgar, which were created to crown the deſires of your paſſionate admirer,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS."

The Dwarf entered as he was reading the letter; and perceiving his Maſter moved with paſſion, immediately

diately fell on his knees and confeſſed the whole affair. Mr. Randal, bent on revenge, cauſed him to haſten to Martin's houſe, with aſſurances that Lindamira had read his letter with infinite ſatisfaction, and conjured him that he would immediately favour her eſcape. Martin, overjoyed at the news, flew thither on the wings of Love.—The perfidious Dwarf conducted him up ſtairs in the dark, gently opened the door, and bad him enter. How happy was Martin in that inſtant, who thought of nothing but leaping into the four ſoft arms of his Miſtreſs! when lo, on a ſudden, he ſaw at the further end of the room two glittering balls of fire, which rolled to and fro in a moſt terrible manner. Immediately his ears were invaded with horrid hiſſings and ſpittings, the balls of fire drew nearer him, and the noiſe redoubled as he approached. Our Philoſopher, bold and reſolute with love, ventured towards it; when all at once he perceived ſomething graſp him hard by the throat, and fix as it were ſharp lancets in his cheek, ſo that blood trickled amain down his chin. Thrice Martin eſſayed to free himſelf, but vain were all his endeavours; till at length, to ſave his life, he was forced to betray his Intrigue, and alarm the houſe with reiterated cries of murder. The apartment of the Bohemian Beauties being the adjoining room, they were the firſt that entered with a light to his aſſiſtance. Martin, all bloody as he was, a moſt fierce Cat-a-mountain hanging at his chin (which Mr-

Randal had maliciouſly placed there on purpoſe) at the ſight of Lindamira forgot his diſtreſs.—Ah, my Love! (he cry'd) how like is thy fate to that of Thiſbe! who ſtaying but a moment too late, found, as ſhe thought, her miſerable Lover torn in pieces by a ſavage beaſt! The affrighted Damſels ſhriek'd aloud, Mr. Randal with all his retinue ruſh'd into the room, and now every hand conſpired to free his under jaw from the ſharp teeth of the enraged Monſter. But the Lady, whoſe heart melted at the pitious ſpectacle, was ſo zealous in this office of humanity, that the Cat-a-mountain, provoked at her good-natured diligence, leap'd furiouſly on her, and wounded three of her hands and her two noſes, to ſuch a barbarous degree, that ſhe was not fit to be ſhewn publickly for the ſpace of three weeks. The generous Lover, more moved at this ſpectacle than at all the ſcratches he had himſelf received, charged the Monſter again with the utmoſt intrepidity, and reſcued his mangled Miſtreſs.—Then (having taken her by the hand, and given it a gentle graſp) he retreated with his eye fixed upon her; and juſt as he left the room (in a low and tender accent) thus breathed forth his ſoul: "Behold, all this have I ſuffered for you!"—Such, and ſo modeſt was the firſt declaration of Love made on this eminent occaſion by our youthful Philoſopher. Nor was it ungently received by the ſimple and innocent Lindamira; who hitherto unuſed to the ſoft Proteſtations of adoring

Slaves,

Slaves, had rather been wondered at than beloved; and received but imperfect notions of that tender language from the addreſſes only of the black Prince or the Dwarf.—Martin, notwithſtanding this unfortunate adventure, ſtill purſued his wiſhes. His Letters were now no more intercepted. Lindamira read them, and behaved like other courteous dames when they receive thoſe amourous teſtimonials, concealed them from her Guardian, and returned the moſt engaging anſwers. In ſhort, ſhe was ſo far captivated, as to reſolve no longer to be gazed at like a publick beauty in her own aſſembly, but retire from the world, and become the virtuous Miſtreſs of a Family. But fate had ſo ordained, that Martin was not more enamoured on Lindamira than Indamora was on Martin. She, jealous that her Siſter had the greateſt ſhare in this conqueſt, reſented that an equal application had not been made to herſelf. She teized Lindamira to ſuch a degree on this ſubject, as made her promiſe to ſee Martin no more. But then again might Indamora be deemed the unhappieſt of Women, whom her Paſſion and Imprudence had robbed of the ſight of her Lover. Yet ſhame cauſed her to conceal thoſe anxieties from her Siſter. And let the Reader judge how unhappy the Nymph muſt be who was even deprived the univerſal Relief of a Soliloquy. However, thus ſhe thought, without being allowed to tell it to any grove or purling ſtream:

"Wretched Indamora! if Lindamira muſt never "more ſee Martin, Martin ſhall never again bleſs "the eyes of Indamora: Yet why do I ſay wretched? "ſince my Rival can never poſſeſs my Lover with- "out me. The pangs that others feel in abſence, "from the thought of thoſe joys that bleſs their "rivals, can never ſting thy boſom; nor can they "mortify thee by making thee a witneſs, without, "giving thee at the ſame time a ſhare of their en- "dearments. Change then thy proceeding Inda- "mora; thy jealouſy muſt act a new and unheard- "of part, and promote the intereſt of thy rival "as the only way to the enjoyment of thy Lover."

From that moment ſhe ſtudied by all methods to advance her Sifter's amour, and in that her own; and thus there appeared in theſe three Lovers as extraordinary a Conjunction of Paſſions as of Perſons: Love had reconciled himſelf to his mortal foes—to Philoſophy in Martin, and to Jealouſy in Indamora.

And now flouriſhed the amour of Martin; Succeſs even prevented his wiſhes; the Marriage was agreed on, and the day appointed. Sunday was the time when Mr. Randal's abſence favoured their hopes, who never on that day omitted taking the freſh air in the fields: the key of the door he always took with him. Crambe was ready laid at a convenient diſtance, who accommodated them with a ladder of ropes. The ladder was thrown up, and the Signal given

given at the Window. Lindamira haſtened to the alarm of Love, when behold a new Diſaſter! As ſhe was getting out of the window, the weight of her body on one ſide, and that of Indamora's on the other, unluckily cauſed them to ſtick in the midway: Lindamira hung with her coats ſtript up to the navel without, and Indamora in no leſs immodeſt poſture within. The Man-tiger, who for his gentleneſs was allowed to walk at large in the houſe, was ſo heightened at this ſight, that he ruſhed upon Indamora like a barbarous Raviſher. Indamora cry'd aloud for help. Martin flew to revenge this inſolent attempt, of a Rape on his Wedding-day. The luſtful Monſter, driven from our double Lucrece, fled into the middle of the room, purſued by the valourous and indignant Martin. Three times the hot Man-tiger, frighted at the furious menaces of his Antagoniſt, made a circle round the Chamber, and three times the ſwift-footed Martin purſued him. He caught up the horn of an Unicorn, which lay ready for the entertainment of the curious Spectator, and brandiſhing it over his head in airy circles, hurl'd it againſt the hairy Son of Hanniman; who wrinkling his brown forehead, and gnaſhing his teeth in indignation, ſtoop'd low: the horny Lance juſt raiſed his left ſhoulder, and ſtuck into the tapeſtry hangings. Provok'd at this, the grinning offspring of Hanniman, caught up the pointed horn of an Antilope, and aimed a blow againſt his undiſmay'd Adverſary. Our

heroic Lover, who held his hat before him like a ſhield, received the weapon full on the crown; it pierced the beaver, and gave a ſmall rent to his breeches. Then the human Champion flung with mighty violence the hinder foot of an Elk, which hit the beſtial Combatant full on the nether jaw. He reel'd; but ſoon recovering, and his ſkill in war lying rather in the cloſe fight than in projectile weapons, he endeavoured to cloſe with him: Forthwith aſſailing him behind unawares, he clambered up his back, and pluck'd up by the roots a mighty graſp of hair; but Martin ſoon diſmounted him, and kept him at a diſtance. Love not only inſpired his breaſt with courage, but gave double ſtrength to his ſinews; he heav'd up the hand of a prodigious Sea-monſter; which, when the chatt'ring Champion beheld, he, no leſs furious, wielded the pond'rous thigh-bone of a Giant: And now they ſtood oppoſed to each other, like the dread Captain of the ſevenfold ſhield and the redoubted Hector. The thigh-bone miſſed its aim; but the hand of the Sea-monſter deſcended directly on the head of the Sylvan Raviſher. The Monſter chatter'd humble; he ſtretch'd his quiv'ring limbs on the floor; and eternal ſleep lock'd faſt his eyelids. The Lady from the window, like another Helen from the Trojan wall, was witneſs of the combat cauſed by her own beauty. She ſaw with what gracefulneſs her Hero enter'd the Liſts, admir'd his activity and courage in the combat, and was a joy-

ful

ful witneſs of his triumph. She gave a ſpring from the window, and with open arms and legs embraced the neck and ſhoulders of her Champion. Our Philoſopher received her with his face turn'd modeſtly from her, and in that manner convey'd her into the ſtreet. He call'd a chair with all haſte; but no chairman would take her, which oblig'd him to bear his extraordinary burden till he found a coach, in which he carried her off, and was happily united to her that very evening, by a Reverend Clergyman in the Fleet, in the holy bands of Matrimony.

But Nemeſis, who delights in traverſing the beſt-laid deſigns of Cupid, maliciouſly contrived the means to make theſe three Lovers unhappy. No ſooner had the Maſter of the Show receiv'd notice of their flight, but he ſeiz'd on the Bohemian Ladies by a Warrant; and not content with having recovered the poſſeſſion of them, reſolved to open all the Sluices of the Law upon Martin. So he inſtantly went to Council to adviſe upon all poſſible methods of revenge. The firſt point he proceeded on was the property of his Monſter, and the queſtion propounded was, "Whether Slaves could marry without the conſent of their Maſter?" To this he was anſwered in the affirmative; but told at the ſame time, "That the Marriage did not exempt them from Servitude."

This put him in no ſmall hopes of having Martin added to his Show, and acquiring a property in his bodily iſſue by the Ladies. But his joy was ſoon

daſh'd, when he was informed, that ſince Martin was a Free Man, "the Children muſt follow the condition of the Father; or, that indeed—if they were to follow that of their Mother, the caſe would be the ſame, there being no Slavery in England."

Then his Council judg'd it more adviſeable to plead for a Diſſolution of the Marriage, upon the impoſſibility of Conjugal Dues in the Wife. But then the Canon Law allow'd a Triennal Cohabitation, which entirely ruin'd this project alſo. Beſides it was evident by the ſame Law, that "Monſtroſity could not incapacitate from Marriage;" witneſs the Caſe of Hermaphrodites, who are allow'd "*Facultatem Conjugii*, provided that they make Election before the Pariſh Prieſt, in what Sex they will act, and take an Oath never to perform in the other capacity."

It was next conſulted whether Martin ſhould not be permitted to take away his Wife? Since upon his ſo doing "he might be ſued for a Rape upon the body of her Siſter, there being plainly the four conditions of a Rape." But then again, they conſidered that Martin might anſwer he claim'd nothing but his own; and if another perſon had fix'd herſelf to his Wife, he muſt not for that cauſe be debarr'd the uſe of his Property.

Yet ſtill, upon the ſame head of Martin's poſſeſſing his Spouſe, a ſuit might be deviſed in the name of Lindamira; on this account, "that a Wife was not oblig'd to live with a Concubine, and ſuch her Siſter Inda-

Indamora muſt be accounted to Martin from the common proofs." To this too it was reply'd, that the Law ordered the Wife to reſide with the Huſband, if there were ſufficient ſecurity given to expel the Concubine. So Martin might ſay he was ready to accompliſh his part of the Covenant, if his Wife would perform hers, and conſent to the Inciſion. But this being an impoſſibility on the ſide of the Wife, it could no way be exacted of the Huſband. At length Mr. Randal, being vex'd to the heart, to have been ſo long and ſo quaintly diſappointed, determined to commence a ſuit againſt Martin for Bigamy and Inceſt. Mean while he left no artifice or addreſs untry'd to perplex the unhappy Philoſopher: He even contrived with infinite cunning to alienate Indamora's affections from him, and debauch'd her into an Intrigue with a creature of his own, the black Prince; whom he ſecretly cauſed to marry her while her Siſter was aſleep.

Hereupon Martin was reduced to turn Plaintiff, and commenced a ſuit in the Spiritual Court againſt the black Prince for Cohabitation with his ſaid Wife. He was adviſed to inſiſt upon a new point, *viz.* "That Lindamira and Indamora together made up but one lawful Wife."—The Monſter-maſter, further to diſtreſs Martin, forced Lindamira to petition for Aliment, *lite pendente*; which was no ſooner allow'd by the Court, but he oblig'd her to alledge, that "it was not ſufficient to maintain both herſelf and her Siſter; and if her Siſter periſh'd, ſhe could not live with the dead body about her."

Martin

Martin now began to repent that he had not executed a reſolution he formerly conceived of marrying Crambe to Indamora as an expedient to have made all ſecure. Moreover, it was inſiſted on, that the other alſo had a right to Aliment; "becauſe if Martin's Wife ſhould prove with Child, the ſaid Siſter muſt neceſſarily perform the Offices of a Wife, in contributing to the Nutrition and Geſtation of the ſaid Child." A Jury of Phyſicians being impanneled, declared, that as to Nutrition they were doubtful whether any blood of Lindamira circulated through Indamora: But as to Geſtation, it was evidently true: And upon this Martin was ordered to allow Aliment to both, the black Prince appearing inſolvent. Then the Court proceeded to the Trial; and as both the Cauſe and the Pleadings are of an extraordinary nature, we think fit here to inſert them at length. Dr. Penny-feather thus pleaded for Martinus Scriblerus the Plaintiff:

Dr. Penny-feather—"I appear before your Honour in behalf of Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor of Phyſick, in a complaint againſt Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, commonly called the Black Prince of Monopotapa; inaſmuch as the ſaid Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath maliciouſly, forcibly, and unlawfully ſeized, raviſhed, and detained Lindamira-Indamora, the Wife of the ſaid Martin, and the body of the ſaid Lindamira-Indamora, from time to time ever ſince, hath wickedly, lewdly, and indecently uſed, handled, and evil-entreated. And in order to make this his Villany more laſting, hath pre-

preſumed to marry this our Wife, pretending to give his wickedneſs the Sanction of a Law. And foraſmuch as the Adulterer doth not deny the fact, but inſiſts upon his ſaid marriage as lawful, we cannot open the caſe more plainly to your Honour, than by anſwering his reaſons, which indeed to mention is to confute.

" He maintains no leſs an abſurdity than this, that One is Two; and that Lindamira-Indamora, the individual Wife of the Plaintiff, is not one, but two Perſons; and that the ſaid Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw is not marry'd to Lindamira, the Wife of the ſaid Martin, but to his own lawful Wife Indamora, another individual Perſon diſtinct from the ſaid Lindamira, though join'd to her by a ſtrong Ligament of Nature. In anſwer whereunto we ſhall prove three things: " Firſt, that the ſaid Lindamira-Indamora, now our lawful Wife, makes but one individual Perſon. Secondly, that if they made two individual Perſons, yet they conſtitute but one Wife. Thirdly, that ſuppoſing they made two individual Perſons, and two Wives, each lawfully married to her own Huſband; yet Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath no right to detain Lindamira, our lawfully wedded Wife, on pretence of being marry'd to Indamora." As to the firſt point, it will be neceſſary to determine the conſtituent Principle and Eſſence of Individuality, which, in reſpect of Mankind, we take to be one ſimple identical Soul, in one ſimple identical body. The Individuality,

duality, Sameneſs, or Identity of the Body, is not determined (as ſome vainly imagine) by one head, and a certain number of arms, legs, and other members; but in one ſimple, ſingle αἰδοῖον, or Member of Generation.

" Let us ſearch Profane Hiſtory, and we ſhall find Geryon with three heads, and Briareus with one hundred hands. Let us ſearch Sacred Hiſtory, and we meet with one of the ſons of the Giants with ſix fingers to each hand, and ſix toes to each foot; yet none never accounted Geryon or Briareus more than one Perſon: and give us leave to ſay, the Wife of the ſaid Geryon would have had a good action againſt any Woman who ſhould have eſpouſed themſelves to the two other heads of that Monarch. The reaſon is plain; becauſe each of theſe having but one ſimple αἰδοῖον, or one Member of Generation, could be looked upon but as one ſingle Perſon.

" In conformity to this, when we behold this one member, we diſtinguiſh the Sex, and pronounce it a Man or a Woman; or, as the Latins expreſs it, *Unus Vir*, *una Mulier*, *une Homme*, *une Femme*, one Man, one Woman. For the ſame reaſon Man and Wife are ſaid to be one fleſh, becauſe united in that part which conſtitutes the Sameneſs and Individuality of each Sex.

" And as where there is but one Member of Generation, there is but one Body, ſo there can be but one Soul; becauſe the ſaid Organ of Generation is the

the Seat of the Soul; and conſequently where there is but one ſuch Organ, there can be but one Soul. Let me here ſay, without injury to truth, that no Philoſopher, either of the paſt or preſent age, hath taken more pains to diſcover where the Soul keeps her reſidence, than the Plaintiff, the learned Martinus Scriblerus; and after his moſt diligent enquiries and experiments, he hath been verily perſuaded, that the Organ of Generation is the true and only Seat of the Soul. That this part is ſeated in the middle, and near the centre of the whole Body, is obvious to your Honour's view. From thence, like the ſun in the centre of the world, the Soul diſpenſes her warmth and vital influence. Let the brain glory in the Wiſdom of the aged, the Science of the learned, the Policy of the ſtateſman, and the Invention of the witty; the accidental Amuſements and Emanations of the Soul, and mortal as the Poſſeſſors of them! It is to the Organs of Generation that we owe Man himſelf; there the Soul is employed in works ſuitable to the dignity of her nature, and (as we may ſay) ſits brooding over ages yet unborn.

"We need not tell your Honour, that it has been the opinion of many moſt learned Divines and Philoſophers, that the Soul, as well as the Body, is produced *Ex Traduce*. This doctrine has been defended by arguments irrefragable, and accounts for difficulties, without it, inexplicable. All which arguments conclude

clude, with equal ſtrength, for the Soul's being ſeated in the Organs of Generation. For ſince the whole Man, both Soul and Body, is there formed, and ſince nothing can operate but where it is, it follows that the Soul muſt reſide in that individual place, where ſhe exerts her generative and plaſtick powers.

" This our doctrine is confirmed by all thoſe experiments, which conſpire to prove the abſolute dominion which that part hath over the whole body. We ſee how many Women, who are deaf to the perſuaſions of the Eloquent, the inſinuations of the Crafty, and the threats of the Imperious, are eaſily governed by ſome poor Logger-head, unfurniſhed with the leaſt art, but that of making immediate application to this Seat of the Soul. The Impreſſions made by the Ear are ſo diſtant, and tranſmitted through ſo many windings, that they loſe their energy: But your Honour, by immediately applying to the Organ of Generation, acts like a bold and wiſe petitioner, who goes ſtrait to the very Throne and Judgment-ſeat of the Monarch.

" And whereas it is objected that here are two Wills, and therefore two different Perſons; we anſwer, if Multiplicity of Wills imply'd Multiplicity of Perſons, there are few Huſbands but what are guilty of Polygamy, there being in the ſame Woman great and notorious diverſity of Wills; a point which we

ſhall

ſhall not need to inſiſt upon before any married perſon, much leſs of your Honour's experience.

" Thus have we made good our firſt and principal point, That if the Wife of the Plaintiff, Lindamira-Indamora, hath but one Organ of Generation, ſhe is but one individual Perſon, in the trueſt and moſt proper ſenſe of Individuality; and that the matter of fact is ſo, we are willing to put upon a fair trial by a Jury of Matrons, whom your Honour ſhall think fit to nominate and appoint to inſpect the body of the ſaid Lindamira-Indamora.

" Secondly, we are to prove, that though Lindamira-Indamora were two individual Perſons, conſiſting each of a Soul and Body; yet if they have but one Organ of Generation, they can conſtitute but one Wife. For from whence can the unity of any thing be denominated, but from that which conſtitutes the Eſſence or principal Uſe of it? Thus, if a Knife or Hatchet have but one blade, though two handles, it will properly be denominated but one Knife or one Hatchet; inaſmuch as it hath but one of that which conſtitutes the Eſſence or principal Uſe of a Knife or Hatchet. So if there were not only one, but twenty *Suppoſita Rationalia*, with one common Organ of Generation, that one Syſtem would only make one Wife. Upon the whole, let not a few Heads, Legs, or Arms, extraordinary, bias your Honour's Judgment, and deprive the Plaintiff of his legal Property; in which right our Client is ſo ſtrongly fortified, that allowing both

both the former Propoſitions to be falſe, and that there were two Perſons, two Bodies, two rational Souls, yea and two Organs of Generation, yet would it ſtill be plain, in the third place,

" That the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, can have no right to detain from the Plaintiff his lawfully wedded Wife, Lindamira. For, abſtracting from the priority of the marriage of our Client, by which it would ſeem he acquired a Property in his Wife, and all other matter inſeparably annexed unto her, it is evident Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, by his marriage to Indamora, could never acquire any property in Lindamira; nor can produce any cauſe why both of them ſhould live with himſelf rather than with the other! Therefore we humbly hope your Honour will order the body of our ſaid Wife to be reſtored to us, and due cenſure paſt on the ſaid Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw."

Dr. Penny-feather having thus ended his Pleading, was thus anſwered by Dr. Leather-head:

" I will not trouble your Honour with any unneceſſary Preamble or falſe Colours of Eloquence, which Truth hath no need of, and which would prove too thin a Veil for Falſehood before the penetrating eyes of your Honour. In anſwer therefore to what our learned Brother Dr. Penny-feather hath aſſerted, we ſhall labour to demonſtrate,

" Firſt,

" Firſt, That though there were but one Organ of Generation, yet are there two diſtinct Perſons.

" Secondly, That although there were but one Organ of Generation, ſo far would it be from giving the Plaintiff any right to the Body of Indamora, the Wife of Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, that it will ſubject the Plaintiff to the penalty of Inceſt or of Bigamy.

" Thirdly, we doubt not to prove that the ſaid Lindamira-Indamora hath two diſtinct parts of Generation.

" And firſt, we will ſhow, that neither the individual Eſſence of Mankind, nor the Seat of the Soul, doth reſide in the Organ of Generation, and this firſt from Reaſon: For unreaſonable indeed muſt it be to make that the Seat of the rational Soul, which alone ſets us on a level with beaſts; or to conceive that the Eſſence of Unity and Individuality ſhould conſiſt in that which is the ſource of Diſcord and Diviſion. In a word, what can be a greater abſurdity than to affirm Beaſtiality to be the Eſſence of Humanity, Darkneſs the Centre of Light, and Filthineſs the Seat of Purity?

" We could, from the authority of the moſt eminent Philoſophers of all ages, confirm this our aſſertion; few of whom ever had the impudence to degrade this Queen, the rational Soul, to the very loweſt and vileſt Apartment, or rather Sink, of her whole Palace. But we ſhall produce ſtill a greater authority than theſe, to manifeſt that perſonal Individuality did ſubſiſt, when there was no ſuch generative Carnality.

" It hath been ſtrenuouſly maintained by many holy Divines, (and particularly by Thomas Aquinas) that our firſt Parents, in the State of Innocence, did in no wiſe propagate their ſpecies after the preſent common manner of men and beaſts; but that the propagation at that time muſt have been by Intuition, Coalition of Ideas, or ſome pure and ſpiritual manner, ſuitable to the dignity of their ſtation; and though the Sexes were diſtinguiſhed in that ſtate, yet it is plain it was not by parts, ſuch as we have at preſent; ſince, if our firſt Parents had any ſuch, they muſt have known it; and it is written that they diſcovered them not till after the Fall; when it is probable thoſe parts were the immediate Excreſcence of Sin, and only grew forth to render them fitter companions for thoſe Beaſts among which they were driven.

" It is a maxim in Philoſophy, that *Generatio unius eſt Corruptio alterius*; whence it is apparent that the Paradiſaical Generation was of a different nature from ours, free from all corruption and imbecility. This is further corroborated by the authority of thoſe Doctors of the Church, who have aſſerted, that before the Fall, Adam was endowed with a continual uninterrupted Faculty of Generation; which can be explained of no other than of that Intuitive Generation aboveſaid: Since it is well known to all the leaſt ſkilled in Anatomy, that the preſent (male) part of Generation is utterly incapable of this continual Faculty.

" We

" We come now to our ſecond point, wherein the Advocate for the Plaintiff aſſerteth, that if there were two Perſons, and one Organ of Generation, this Syſtem would conſtitute but one Wife. This will put the Plaintiff ſtill in a worſe condition, and render him plainly guilty of Bigamy, Rape, or Inceſt; for, if there be but one ſuch Organ of Generation, then both the Perſons of Lindamira and Indamora have an equal property in it; and what is Indamora's property cannot be diſpoſed of without her conſent; we therefore bring the whole to this ſhort iſſue, Whether the Plaintiff Martinus Scriblerus had the conſent of Indamora or not? If he hath had her conſent, he is guilty of Bigamy; if not, he is guilty of a Rape or Inceſt, or both. The Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, having been lately baptized, hath with ſingular modeſty abſtained from Conſummation with his ſaid Wife, until he ſhall be ſatisfied from the opinion of your Honour, his learned Judge, how far in Law and Conſcience he may proceed; and therefore he cannot affirm much, nor poſitively, as to the ſtructure of the Organ of Generation of this his Wife Indamora; yet make we no doubt that it will, upon inſpection, appear that the ſaid Organ is diſtinct from that of Lindamira: Whereupon we crave to hear the Report of the Jury of Matrons, appointed to inſpect the body of the ſaid Gentlewoman.

" And if the matter of fact be thus, give me your Honour's permiſſion to repeat what hath been ſaid by

the Advocate for the Plaintiff; to wit, that Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor in Phyſick, by this his marriage with Lindamira, could in no wiſe acquire any property in the body of Indamora; nor ſhew any cauſe why this duplicated Wife, Lindamira-Indamora, ſhould abide with him, rather than with the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, of Monomotapa."

The Jury of Matrons having made their Report, and it appearing from thence that the Parts of Generation in Lindamira and Indamora were diſtinct, the Judge took time to deliberate; and the next Court-day he ſpoke to this effect:

"Gentlemen,

"I am of opinion that Lindamira and Indamora are diſtinct Perſons, and that both the Marriages are good and valid: Therefore I order you, Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor in Phyſick, and you, Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, Prince of Monomotapa, to cohabit with your Wives, and to lie in bed each on the ſide of his own Wife. I hope, Gentlemen, you will ſeriouſly conſider that you are under a ſtricter tye than common Brothers-in-law; that being, as it were, Joint Proprietors of one common Tenement, you will ſo behave as good Fellow-lodgers ought to do, and with great modeſty each to his reſpective Siſter-in-law, abſtaining from all further Familiarities than what Conjugal Duties do naturally oblige you to. Conſider alſo by how ſmall limits the Duty and the Treſ-

paſs

paſs is divided; leſt, while ye diſcharge the duty of Matrimony, ye heedleſsly ſlide into the Sin of Adultery."

This Sentence pleaſed neither Party; and Martin appealed from the Conſiſtory to the Court of Arches; but they confirmed the Sentence of the Conſiſtory.

It was at laſt brought before a Commiſſion of Delegates; who, having weighed the caſe, reverſed the Sentence of the inferiour Courts, and diſannulled the Marriage, upon the following Reaſons: "That allowing the manner of Cohabitation enjoined to be practicable (though highly inconvenient), yet the *Jus petendi* and *reddendi Debitum conjugale* being at all times equal in both Huſbands and both Wives, and at the ſame time impoſſible in more than one, two Perſons could not have a Right to the entire poſſeſſion of the ſame thing at the ſame time; nor could one ſo enjoy his property, as to debar another from the uſe of his, who has an equal right. So much as to the *Debitum petendi*, and as to the *Debitum reddendi*, *nemo tenetur ad impoſſible*. Therefore the Lords, with great wiſdom, diſſolved both Marriages, as proceeding upon a natural as well as legal abſurdity.

This affair being thus unhappily terminated, and become the whole talk of the Town, Martinus, unable to ſupport the affliction, as well as to avoid the many diſagreeable conſequences, reſolved to quit the

Kingdom. But we muſt not here neglect to mention, that during the whole courſe of this Proceſs, his continual Attendance on the Courts in his own Cauſe, and his invincible Curioſity for all that paſt in the Cauſes of others, gave him a wonderful inſight into this Branch of Learning, which muſt be confeſt to have been ſo improved by the Moderns, as beyond all compariſon to exceed the Ancients. From the day his firſt Bill was filed, he began to collect Reports; and before his Suit was ended, he had time abundantly ſufficient to compile a very conſiderable volume. His anger at his ill ſucceſs cauſed him to deſtroy the greateſt part of theſe Reports, and only to preſerve ſuch as diſcovered moſt of the Chicanery and Futility of the practice. Theſe we have ſome hopes to recover, if they were only miſlaid at his Removal; if not, the world will be enough inſtructed to lament the loſs, by the only one now publick, *viz.* the Caſe of Stradling and Stiles, in an action concerning certain black and white Horſes. We cannot wonder that he contracted a violent averſion to the Law, as is evident from a whole Chapter of his Travels; and perhaps his Diſappointment gave him alſo a Diſinclination to the fair Sex, for whom, on ſome occaſions, he does not expreſs all the reſpect and admiration poſſible. This doubtleſs muſt be the reaſon, that in no part of his Travels we find him beloved by any ſtrange Princeſs; nor have we the leaſt account that

he

he ever relapſed into this paſſion, except what is mentioned in the Introduction of the Spaniſh Lady's Phenomenon.

CHAP. XIV.*

OF THE SECESSION OF MARTINUS, AND SOME HINT OF HIS TRAVELS.

IT was in the year 1699, that Martin ſet out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt Voyage he was carried by a proſperous Storm, to a Diſcovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmaean* Empire.

That

* It is very acutely and juſtly obſerved by Mr. Cambridge, in the Preface to his Scribleriad, that it was ſurpriſing Mr. Pope ſhould make his Scriblerus ſo complicated a character as he repreſents him towards the end of his Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, ſuch is his luſt of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the Travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence, than that Swift had once deſigned to write the Travels of Scriblerus. What reaſons induced him to change this work of humour, to a particular gratification of his ſpleen, it is not to the preſent purpoſe to make known; but this is certain, that when he made ſo total an alteration in his deſign, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver. This hath been obſerved in a remark on a former Chapter.

That in his ſecond, he was as happily ſhip-wrecked on the Land of the *Giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he diſcovered a whole Kingdom of *Philoſophers*, who govern by the *Mathematicks*; with whoſe admirable Schemes and Projects he returned to benefit his own dear Country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Miniſters of *Queen Anne*, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he diſcovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almoſt to a Diſguſt of his Species; but above all, a mortal Deteſtation to the whole flagitious Race of *Miniſters*, and a final Reſolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to ſubject the Lands he diſcovered to the *Crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by theſe hints, the Reader can help himſelf to a farther diſcovery of the Nature and Contents of theſe Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ſee ſuch very extraordinary Voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary Nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of a Philoſopher, a Politician, and a Legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain* of a *Merchantman*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And

And whoever he be, that ſhall further obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial *Love* of *Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard* to *Truth*, that *Paſſion* for his *dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princeſs Queen *Anne*; ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if by all thoſe viſible Signs and Characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus*.

CHAP. XV.

OF THE DISCOVERIES AND WORKS OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS, MADE AND TO BE MADE, WRITTEN AND TO BE WRITTEN, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

HERE therefore, at this great Period, we end our firſt Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward to that boundleſs Field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet may'ſt owe, to this excellent Perſon, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called,

The

The Philoſopher of ultimate Cauſes, ſince by a Sagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered Effects in their very Cauſe; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Obſervations, hath been the Inventor of moſt of the modern Syſtems and Hypotheſes.

[a]He hath enriched Mathematicks with many preciſe and geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *Cauſe* of *Gravity*, and the inteſtine *Motion* of *Fluids*.

To him we owe all the obſervations of the *Parallax* of the *Pole-ſtar*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and ſometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in reſolving the grand Phenomena of Nature.

He it was that firſt found out the *Palpability* of *Colours*; and by the Delicacy of his Touch, could diſtinguiſh the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles*; the Method of diſcovering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Veſſels*, and of encreaſing the *Trade-Wind* by vaſt plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his Philoſophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A com-

[a] How juſtly ſoever the knowledge of Mathematicks is ſaid to contribute to make men ſound reaſoners; yet it may be obſerved, that neither Hobbes, nor Bayle, nor Locke, nor Hume, nor Chillingworth, nor Hooker, nor Butler, ſome of the cloſeſt and moſt acute reaſoners that ever wrote, knew much of the Mathematicks.

1. A complete Digeſt of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Univerſe, according to the Epicurean Hypotheſis.

3. An Inveſtigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecifick Gravity of ſolid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical Obſervations on the Figure and Bulk of the conſtituent Parts of all fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the Earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will laſt before it be burned out.

6. A Method to apply the Force ariſing from the immenſe Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An Anſwer to the queſtion of a curious Gentleman: How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our Earth? To which is ſubjoined a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, conſidering that they paſs a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonſtration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over thoſe of the Moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them.

With

With a propoſal of a *Partition Party*, among the earthly Potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingeſta* and *Egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the univerſal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous[b] have been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhow the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The firſt was a Propoſal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immenſe Light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of Nature, and to

[b] Many idle projects of Maupertuis deſerve the ſame ridicule; and this paſſage, though written many years before thoſe of the Philoſopher of Berlin, may paſs for an able Satire on them, and exactly hit their abſurdities; which Voltaire has effectually expoſed with infinite wit and ridicule, and for which Maupertuis took ample revenge, by occaſioning the rupture betwixt this Poet and the King of Pruſſia.

to make the Longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial Parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Phyſick*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a Patient's bed-ſide. He taught the Way to many modern Phyſicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menſtruum to diſſolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Univerſal Deluge-water*. His was alſo the device to relieve Conſumptive or Aſthmatic perſons, by bringing freſh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable Intromiſſion of ſuch Steams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Phyſiognomy*[c], his penetration is ſuch, that from the *Picture* only of any perſon, he can write his *Life*; and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor

[c] This ridicule would have been heightened if Lavater's celebrated Book and Portraits had been publiſhed. A fine ſubject for Satire! What follows of Architecture, of Muſic, and of Poetry, is a little flat, general, and unappropriated.

Nor hath he been ſo enrapt in theſe Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Muſick, Poetry, etc. It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Likeneſs* of their Portraits by the uſe of ſuch *Colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Muſic*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

In *Poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Caſt, for the moſt part Ironical, and the Drift of them often ſo delicate and refined as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far, as to write a Perſuaſive to people to eat their own Children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part[a]. He has often written againſt Liberty in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sidney*, in vindication of [illegible] Spain under that of *Raleigh*, and [illegible] tion under thoſe of *Cato* [illegible]

[a] Swift.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a Bog-houſe near *St. James's*. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the Miniſterial Writers, which make at preſent the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to Mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other, in which Oſtentation had no part. With what incredible Modeſty he concealed himſelf is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to Friends, Projects to Firſt Miniſters, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All theſe will be vindicated to the true Author, in the courſe of theſe Memoirs. I may venture to ſay they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe who will appear too much concerned as *Plagiaries* to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the Public, to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent Paſſion at the appearance of this Work, as Perſons moſt certainly involved in the Guilt.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR, OF THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXVII.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the ſubject of my concern and ſurprize, that whereas numberleſs Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and

Martinus] The learned Mr. Upton has made an ingenious remark on the title of this piece: "'Tis pleaſant enough to conſider how the change of a ſingle letter has often led learned Commentators into miſtakes; and a Π, being accidently altered into a Β, in a Greek Rhetorician, gave occaſion to one of the beſt pieces of ſatire that was ever written in the Engliſh language, viz. ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ; a treatiſe concerning the Art of Sinking in Poetry. The blunder I mean is in the ſecond ſection of Longinus: ΕΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΥΨΟΥΣ ΤΙΣ Η ΒΑΘΟΥΣ ΤΕΧΝΗ, inſtead of ΠΑΘΟΥΣ; a moſt ridiculous blunder, which has occaſioned as ridiculous criticiſms." Obſervations on Shakeſpeare, p. 256.

M. De Larchet, the tranſlator of Herodotus, gave a French tranſlation alſo of this Life of Scriblerus. It is eaſy to imagine that the humour has evaporated in a French tranſlation.

The blunder relating to the word πάθος, reminds one of a moſt egregious miſtake of Rapin the critic, whoſe knowledge of Greek has been much queſtioned. Relating a ſtory of Euphranor the painter, he ſays, "Apion has related it." Having read the ſtory in Euſtathius; who ſays, απιων γραψειν; which meant, that Euphranor, hearing a deſcription of Jupiter read in Homer, "went away and painted it."

and digeſted the Art of ancient Poeſy, there hath not riſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every-way induſtrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid Ancients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or Sublime; no tract has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our Βάθος or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make uſe of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore conſidering with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing Genius's of this age are wandering (as I may ſay) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poeſy!

When I conſider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our Lowlands of Parnaſſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurprize: The one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation ſhould have arrived to that pitch of greatneſs

it

it now poſſeſſes, without any regular Syſtem of Laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe Mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we now have an unqueſtionable Majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level theſe Highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to ſupply our former defect, I purpoſe to collect the ſcattered Rules of our Art into regular Inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep Genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors the Maſter of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great Critics; ſince their Laws (though they might be good) have ever been ſlackly executed, and their Precepts (however ſtrict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt, and ſtones upon us,

never ſuffering us to live in peace. Theſe men, while they enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our ſtars) though it is ſomewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the leaſt attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim ſome of which ſtolen goods is part of the deſign of this Treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt Adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us; and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally neceſſary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto coelo* from us.

CHAP. II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR, OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE Taſte of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till, perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to reliſh the Sublime. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced Minds of Children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved how faſt the general Taſte is returning to this firſt Simplicity and Innocence; and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and inſtruct, certainly that kind which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we ſhall find thoſe who have a taſte of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh Guſto, whom after all it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and 'tis ſtill more chimerical to write for Poſterity, of whoſe Taſte we cannot make any Judgment, and whoſe applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed our wiſer authors have a preſent end,

Et prodeſſe volunt et delectare Poetae.

Their

Their true deſign is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis neceſſary to procure applauſe by adminiſtering pleaſure to the reader: From whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* Taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Reliſh in Poetry, but are in this one Taſte leſs nice than our Anceſtors. If an Art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good Poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheleſs, in making gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Genius's of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe Princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS, PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a Cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome Poetical Evacuation, and, no queſtion, was much the better for it in his health: ſo true is the ſaying, *Naſcimur Poetae.* Therefore is the deſire of Writing properly termed *Pruritus*, the "Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain," and the Perſon is ſaid to conceive; now ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely

timely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt Poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the State. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condenſed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and againſt the Miniſtry: Nay, I know not but many times a piece of Poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a Miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the ſingle authority of that [a] Horace? Why ſhould the golden Mean, the quinteſſence of all Virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this Art? or Coolneſs or Mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a Man, and ſo deteſtable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe Writers, with thoſe great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh Author calls it) an "Alacrity of Sinking;" and who by ſtrength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Neceſſity of Rules to theſe leſſer Genius's, as well as the uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

[a] *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non dii, non homines, etc. Hor. P.

CHAP. IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

WE now come to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making Dikes, as in raiſing Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his ſight, and furniſhing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we ſearch the Authors of Antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos a Genius is requiſite: yet the Rules of Art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who

who is amongſt the loweſt of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmoſphere, to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk unleſs he calls in Art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the Bathos as with ſmall Beer[b], which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our Rules confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treaſures of the Deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer uſe of Man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a ſolution, why common Senſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern Critics and Authors.

[b] We have the ſame ſimile repeated in the Dunciad.

CHAP. V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent Foe to Wit, and Deſtroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Senſe* [c]. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a Groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by heads or tails, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſition of colours, and ſurprize by contrariety of images,

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. HOR.

His

[c] This is too ſtrongly expreſſed. Directly, and without palliation and diſguiſe, to recommend abſurdity is falſe writing, and unnatural to a great degree; ſo alſo is the beginning of Chapter the Tenth.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great Art of Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surprizing*; our author ſhall produce the Credible, by painting Nature in her loweſt ſimplicity; and the Surpriſing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour ſelling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine Gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern Plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and at the ſame time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality.*

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors than that the world had long been weary of *natural things.* How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequin and Magicians on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to ſuch a degree,

degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue luſtring, or a child's mantle.

[a] *The Skies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,*
Spun thin, and wove in nature's fineſt loom,
The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt.

If he looks on a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a troubled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner:

[b] *The Ocean, joy'd to ſee the tempeſt fled,*
New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed.

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Univerſe, preſent to his Imagination "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

Glorious

[a] Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. W.
Steele praiſes Prince Arthur in the Engliſhman.
[b] Prince Arthur, p. 14. W.

[f] *Glorious Illuminations, made on high,*
By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky,
In juſt degrees, and ſhining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air ſwift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated ſhouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping train,
Then fell in ſtarry ſhow'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thouſand meteors blazing hung,
Which from the eternal battlements were flung.

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will ſacrifice to that paſſion his friend or his God, would it not be a ſhame, if he who is ſmit with the love of the *Bathos* ſhould not ſacrifice to it all other tranſitory regards? You ſhall hear a zealous Proteſtant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modeſtly beſeech her to do more for us than Providence:

[g] *Look down, bleſs'd ſaint, with pity then look down,*
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the miſts of providence,
In which we ſtray.

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come to his way, ſcruple to affirm himſelf an eye-witneſs of things never yet beheld by man, or never in exiſtence; as thus,

Thus

[f] Prince Arthur, p. 50. W.

N. B. In order to do Juſtice to theſe great Poets, our Citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct Editions of their Works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition reviſed. P.

[g] A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary. W.

[h] *Thus have I ſeen in Araby the bleſs'd,*
A Phoenix couch'd upon her fun'ral neſt.

But to convince you that nothing is ſo great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all Beings is repreſented in the following images:

FIRST HE IS A PAINTER.

[i] *Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,*
Spreads forth his clouds, his ſable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the ſight.

NOW HE IS A CHEMIST.

[k] *Th' Almighty Chemiſt does his work prepare,*
Pours down his waters on the thirſty plain,
Digeſts his lightning, and diſtils his rain.

NOW HE IS A WRESTLER.

[l] *Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,*
And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,

That

[h] Anon.

[i] Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172. W.

The gravity of the ſolemn pedant Scriblerus is not at all kept up in this piece. His criticiſms are not any more in character than the Travels of Gulliver, erroneouſly aſſerted to be part of the plan intended to be purſued by Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift.

No man ever attempted ſo many epic poems as Blackmore; and few have written ſo many verſes except perhaps Lopez de Vega, who is ſaid to have produced in all 21,316 verſes.

[k] Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 263. [l] P. 75. W.

That the ſtrong graſp my members ſorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my ſinews loos'd.

NOW A RECRUITING OFFICER.

[m] *For clouds, the ſun-beams levy freſh ſupplies,*
And raiſe recruits of vapours, which ariſe
Drawn from the ſeas, to muſter in the ſkies.

NOW A PEACEABLE GUARANTEE.

[n] *In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,*
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

THEN HE IS AN ATTORNEY.

[o] *Job, as a vile offender, God indites,*
And terrible decrees againſt me writes.

God

[m] Blackm. p. 170. W.

None of theſe images are more abſurd than where Dryden ſays, in the 281ſt ſtanza of his Annus Mirabilis, that the Almighty having looked down for ſome time on the fire of London, at laſt claps an extinguiſher upon it:

"An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove."

But another paſſage in Dryden is carried to a ſtill greater length of profaneneſs and abſurdity in his Hind and Panther; who ſpeaks thus of the Creator:

"The divine Blackſmith in th' abyſs of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careleſs heat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But he work'd hard to hammer out our ſouls,
He blew the bellows, and ſtirr'd up the coals;
Long time he thought, and could not a ſudden,
Knead up with unſkimm'd milk this reaſoning pudding."

[n] Blackm. p. 70. [o] P. 61. W.

God will not be my advocate,
My cauſe to manage or debate.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

[p] *Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,*
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

THEN A FULLER.

[q] *—— th' exhaling reeks that ſecret riſe,*
Born on rebounding ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heav'nly fleece.

A MERCER, OR PACKER.

[r] *Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,*
And help the Bales of Ether to unfold;
Say, which cerulian pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

A BUTLER.

[s] *He meaſures all the drops with wond'rous ſkill,*
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.

AND

[p] Blackm. p. 181. [q] P. 18. [r] P. 174. [s] P. 131. W.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnſon ſtrangely aſſerts that Pope might have learnt the art of reaſoning in verſe, exemplified in the Poem on Creation; but Ambroſe Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, communicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his aſſociates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; ſo that there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together that now ſtand as they were originally written.

AND A BAKER:

'*God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,*
And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread.

' Blackm. Song of Moſes, p. 218. W.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUS'S IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have with felicity copied a ſmall-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring. And

ſeldom

ſeldom are we without genius's for *Still-life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal Genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian [u], that the ſame genius which made Germanicus ſo great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the Bathos.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious Genius's under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them.

1. The

[u] In a fine paſſage of the tenth book: "Germanicum Auguſtum ab inſtitutis ſtudiis deflexit cura terrarum; parumque diis viſum eſt eſſe eum maximum poetarum."

1. The *Flying Fiſhes*[x]: Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Oſtridges* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up; and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very faſt. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another*'s words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq. The Hon. Sir W. Young.

6. The *Porpoiſes* are unwieldly and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt, but whenever

[x] This was the chapter which gave ſo much offence, and excited ſuch loud clamours againſt our author by his introduction of theſe initial letters, which he in vain aſſerted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers; which was not believed. Theſe initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.

whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Eſq. T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered Shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

Theſe are the chief *Characteriſticks* of the *Bathos*, and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our iſland.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thoughts by familiarizing his mind to the loweſt objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Converſation will greatly contribute. There is no queſtion but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be diſcerned in the compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The Phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, approves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our author accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low[y], and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temperizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triticalneſs or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be

[y] It would be unpardonable not to cenſure ſuch images and expreſſions.

be ſunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the moſt elaborate low Expreſſion: It can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But 'tis the Thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

[a] *She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchleſs dame!*
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns.

What can be more eaſy and unaffected than the Diction of theſe verſes? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and ſurprize us. And when the ſame lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper.

[b] *Venus beheld her, 'midſt her croud of ſlaves,*
And thought herſelf juſt riſen from the waves.

How

[a] Anon. W.

Mr. Spence informed me that this paſſage, and many other ridiculous ones, in this treatiſe, were quoted from our poet's own early pieces, particularly his epic poem, called Alcander. So ſenſible of its own errors and imperfections is a mind truly great.

When Voltaire firſt brought on the ſtage his Mariamne, 1722, in which Herod gave her a cup of poiſon, the Parterre cried out, "La Reine boit," and the play was damned.

[b] Anon. W.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in full chaſe, who (ſaith the Poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more,
And fears the hind feet will overtake the fore.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itſelf,

[b] *None but Himſelf can be his Parallel.*

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the Thought of that Maſter of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt Elephant in the world, except Himſelf.

However our next inſtance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful infant:

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.

There

[b] Theobald, Double Falſhood. W.

It is a little remarkable that this line of Theobald, which is thought to be the maſterpiece of abſurdity, is evidently copied from a line of Seneca, in the Hercules Furens:

" —— Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo eſt niſi Ipſe ——"

There all the lightnings of thy Mother's ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

Firſt he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his eyes are his Mother's, and laſtly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another author, deſcribing a Poet that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of Critics,

Thus Phoebus through the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid Monſters riſes into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations: In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural animals, much more might it be pleaded that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring genius's, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

The circumſtances which are moſt natural are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar. But thoſe that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurprize prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but above all, preſerve a laudable *Prolixity*; preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For Choice and Diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently of the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

When Job ſays in ſhort, "He waſhed his feet in "butter," (a circumſtance ſome Poets would have ſoftened, or paſſed over) now hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great Genius:

[c] *With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,*
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their

[c] Blackm. Job. p. 133. W.

Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have waſh'd our feet.

How cautious! and particular! He had (ſays our author) ſo many herds, which herds thriv'd ſo well, and thriving ſo well gave ſo much milk, and that milk produced ſo much butter, that, if he did not, he might have waſh'd his feet in it.

The enſuing deſcription of Hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances:

[d] *In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,*
Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
Some deeply red, *and others* faintly blue.

Could the moſt minute Dutch painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

[e] *His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoaking plain,*
And knots *of* ſcarlet ribbon *deck his mane.*

Of certain Cudgel-players:

[f] *They brandiſh high in air their threatning ſtaves,*
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *ſaves,*
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end.

Who would not think the Poet had paſt his whole life at Wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a Cudgel!

Peri-

[d] Pr. Arth. p. 89. [e] Anon. [f] Pr. Arth. p. 197. W.

Periphraſe[z] is another great aid to *Prolixity*; being a confuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is that the author can poſſibly mean, and a ſtrange ſurprize when he finds it.

The

[z] It is to be lamented that our author himſelf has furniſhed too many examples of improper Periphraſe and Amplification in his tranſlations of Homer. Of a Tripod ſet on the fire he ſays, (Odyſſey, b. viii.):

" The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze."

Of a perſon wearied:

" —— Loſt in laſſitude be all the man;
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking in the arms of death."

Of ſhutting a door, (b. i.):

" The bolt obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd,
Secur'd the valve.

Of a ſword, (b. viii.):

" —— Whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide."

Theſe, and a number of other lines that might be added, are inſtances of the falſe-florid and over-labour'd ornament, directly contrary to the ſimplicity and energy of Homer. At the ſame time it ought to be obſerved, that he was betrayed into this turgid, forced, and figurative language, by the difficulty of tranſlating Homer into rhyme; for he never falls into this fault in his other works, which are remarkable for purity and brevity of ſtyle. " C'eſt une belle choſe, (ſays Corneille, with his amiable frankneſs in one of his prefaces), que de faire, vers, puiſſans & majeſteux; cette pompe ravit d'ordinaire les eſprits, & pour le moins les éblouet: mais il faut que les ſujets en faſſent naitre les occaſions."

CLITANDRE, p. 108.

The Poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

[h] *A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,*
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which, by a freſh ſtream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great crowd.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

[i] *Nature's Confectioner,*
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchemy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold.

What is this but a Bee gathering honey?

[k] *Little Syren of the ſtage,*
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that ſung finely?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the moſt of a Thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and ſpreads it in the fineſt thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale

[h] Job, p. 78. [i] Cleveland. [k] A. Philips to Cuzzona. W.

tale of many a vaſt Romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the ſize of a primmer.

In the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt thou "commanded the morning, and cauſed the day-"ſpring to know his place?" How is this extended by the moſt celebrated Amplifier of our age?

[l] *Can'ſt thou ſet forth th' etherial* mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light ſupply?*
Is the celeſtial furnace *to thee known?*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treaſures, from which I dealt out light as faſt,
As all my ſtars and laviſh ſuns can waſte.

The ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the civth Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. "He touches the hills, and they ſmoke."

[m] *The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright*
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faſter:

[l] Job, p. 108. [m] Job, p. 267. W.

There are rather too many examples, however appoſite they may be, taken from Blackmore alone. The Job of Sandys does not ſeem to be admired and known, in a degree equal to its merits. Harte told me how highly Pope thought of it. The verſification is equal to that of Waller. There is great force and energy in Young's Paraphraſe on part of the book of Job.

faſter: After this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Wotd of John Taylor, and E—n of Blackmore? Therefore when we ſit down to write[n], let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion; How would Sir Richard have ſaid this? Do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſſneſs of Mr. Welſted[o]?

But

[n] An admirable Parady on the Fourteenth Section of Longinus, when he adviſes the writer to aſk himſelf, whilſt he is compoſing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demoſthenes, have expreſſed themſelves on this ſubject?"

[o] A writer not ſo totally contemptible. See his works, publiſhed by Mr. Nichols, with a defence of ſeveral of his pieces, 8vo. 1787.

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our Proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sublime*: Yet is not this a Paradox. As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true Genius [p], when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge the colour, by ſome ingenious Circumſtance or Periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe Figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Etna in the third Aeneid?

Horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit [q].

Inter-

[p] Here again a bare-faced abſurdity is recommended without palliation, which is falſe and unnatural writing.

[q] Theſe two words, after he had ſaid "Attollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombaſt and ſupertragical, οὐ τραγικα, ſays Longinus, but παρατραγωδα.

Perhaps

Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaeſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our writers as underſtand not Latin.) Lo! how is this taken down by our Britiſh Poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colic*.

[r] *Aetna, and all the burning mountains, find*
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, *complain,*
As torn with inward gripes, *and tort'ring pain:*
Lab'ring, they caſt their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *ſpread the ground.*

Horace,

Perhaps we have not in our language a more ſtriking example of true turgid expreſſion, and genuine fuſtian and bombaſt, than in the following lines of Nat. Lee's Alexander the Great, who is introduced ſaying,

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, ſtood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When Fortune's ſelf my ſtandard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates ſtood frighted on the ſhore;
When the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myſelf appear'd the leading God!"

Is it to be conceived that Dr. Warburton affirmed, in a long note on the Firſt Epiſtle of Horace, b. ii. that "theſe ſix lines contain not only the moſt ſublime, but the moſt judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint?" I thought that a note which contained ſo outrageous a paradox, and ſo totally inconſiſtent with true taſte and ſolid judgment, ought not to be retained in this edition.

[r] Pr. Arthur, p. 75. W.

Horace, in ſearch of the Sublime, ſtruck his head againſt the Stars[s]; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himſelf into Etna. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is when we force to our own purpoſes the Thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the Imperfections or Blemiſhes of celebrated authors. I have ſeen a Play profeſſedly writ in the ſtyle of Shakeſpear; wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good morrow t'ye, good maſter Lieutenant[t].

And ſundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*[u], embroider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, diſdain'd was *'ſdeign'd*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, ſweet *dulce*, orchards,

[s] *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.* W.

And ſo did the writer of the following lines, in a well-known Tragedy:

"Should the fierce North, upon his frozen wings,
Bear him aloft above the wondering clouds,
And ſeat him in the Pleiads' golden chariot,
Thence ſhould my fury drag him down to tortures."

[t] A line of his friend Rowe.

[u] He alluded particularly to Philips's Cyder, of which he of expreſſed a ſtrong diſapprobation, and particularly on accoun theſe antiquated words. He often quoted the following line a Engliſh:

"Adminiſter their tepid genial airs." Cyder, b. ii.

orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir*, through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpoſe, the works of ſuch men as Milton and Shakeſpear.

It may be expected, that, like other Critics, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *Paſſions*: But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquillity of Mind*, (and ſure it is a better deſign to promote ſleep than madneſs) we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiates* of Poeſy, of the Cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods uſed by our authors in managing the Paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *Cool*, as the uſe of *Wit* in expreſſing paſſion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *ſimiles* on ſuch occaſions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby our beſt authors have avoided throwing themſelves or their readers into any indecent Tranſports.

But as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the polemic way, the true ſtudents in the law have conſtantly taken their methods from low life, where they obſerved, that, to move Anger, uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendſhip, of groſs

flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a ſilly paſſion, of which as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *Abuſe of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but (if poſſible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful Caſt of Head which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind; or (as I may ſay) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible, to enumerate all ſuch Figures[x]; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range

[x] Another figure which greatly contributes to the Bathos might here be added, which Longinus, in his third ſection, calls the Parenthyrſus; a kind of violence and emotion, ill-timed and out of ſeaſon, and diſproportioned to the ſubject; into which good writers, nay

range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Claſſes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reverſing Tropes and Figures.

II. The Magnifying; and

III. The Diminiſhing.

We cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Maſter of this will ſay,

Mow the Beard,
Shave the Graſs,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From

nay Horace himſelf, is ſaid to have fallen. When he ſays, that "even as the moſt ſuperb and uſeful monuments of human ſkill and regal magnificence, the making new ports, the draining of marſhes, the altering the courſe of rivers, the building moles, and other vaſt and expenſive works, alter and decay; ſo do words and current expreſſions:

"Debemur morti nos noſtraque—
——Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos et gratia vivax."

"The objects by which this decay of words are illuſtrated are too large and important for the occaſion." HOR. Art of Poetry, l. 63. See Blondell's Compariſon of Horace and Pindar.

as it can go. If you get the ſcent of a State negociation, follow it in this manner.

[h] *The ſtones and all the elements with thee*
Shall ratify *a ſtrict* confederacy;
Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
Shall ſend a ſcaly embaſſy *for peace*;
His plighted faith *the Crocodile ſhall keep,*
And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep.

Or if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

[i] Envoys *and* Agents, *who by my command*
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom commiſſions *I have given,*
To manage there the intereſts *of heaven:*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name:
Ye pioneers *of heaven, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct and broad;
For I in perſon *will my people* head;
For the divine deliverer
Will on his march *in majeſty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confed'rate power.

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank,

I. THE

[h] Job, p. 22. [i] Blackm. Iſa. c. xl. W.

1. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES [k],

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious artiſt painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Bloſſoms*, and thereby raiſes an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this ſort is the following:

[l] *The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,*
Whoſe livid flaſhes ſickning ſunbeams drown.

What a noble Confuſion? clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. THE JARGON.

[m] *Thy head ſhall riſe, though buried in the duſt,*
And 'midſt the clouds his glittering turrets thruſt.

Quaere, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

Upon

[k] In Concanen's Supplement to the Profund, letter the ſecond, which is a counterpart to this tenth chapter, and treats of Figures, are ſome more ſhrewd remarks and more pertinent examples than might be expected from ſuch a writer, and are enough to make us think he had ſome more able aſſiſtant. Concanen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton; and it has been ſuggeſted was aſſiſted by him in writing theſe remarks; but of this there is no poſitive proof.

[l] Pr. Arthur, p. 37. [m] Job, p. 107. W.

[n] *Upon the ſhore, as frequent as the ſand,*
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians ſtand.

Quaere, Where theſe Dimetians ſtood? and what ſize they were? Add alſo to the *Jargon* ſuch as the following.

[o] *Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,*
And Deſolation lie for ever waſte.

[p] *Here Niobe, ſad mother, makes her moan,*
And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone.

But for Variegation, nothing is more uſeful than

3. THE PARANOMASIA, OR PUN [q],

where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: As this of Mr. Dennis [r],

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welſted [s],

Behold the Virgin lye
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* Sky.

T

[n] Pr. Arthur, p. 157. [o] Job, p. 89. [p] T. Cook, Poems. W

[q] An happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from d grading his ſtyle by a very vile pun often quoted:

"And brought into this world, a world of woe."

Atterbury would point it thus:

"And brought into this world (a world of woe)"

in a parentheſis, and putting the repeated word in appoſition t former.

[r] Poems, 1693, p. 13. [s] Welſted, Poems, Acon and Lavin

To which thou may'ſt add,

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.

4. THE ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW [t],

whereby Contraries and Oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe, on a lady who made herſelf appear out of ſize, by hiding a young princeſs under her clothes.

[u] *While the kind nymph changing her faultleſs ſhape,*
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely *to ſcape.*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning:

[x] *Sadly they charm, and diſmally they pleaſe.*

[y] *His eyes ſo bright*
Let in the object and let out the light.

[z] *The Gods look pale to ſee us look ſo red.*
The [a] *Fairies and their Queen*
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

[b] *All nature felt a reverential ſhock,*
The ſea ſtood ſtill to ſee the mountains rock.

CHAP.

[t] It were to be wiſhed our author himſelf had not been ſo very fond of this figure; of all others, if too often repeated, the moſt tireſome and diſguſting. See what is ſaid of this figure before in vol. iii. of this edition.

[u] Waller. [x] Steel on Queen Mary. [y] Quarles.
[z] Lee, Alex. [a] Phil. Paſt. [b] Blackm. Job, p. 176. W.

CHAP. XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: His thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered that darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be as Milton expreſſes it,

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible.

The chief Figure of this ſort is,

I. THE HYPERBOLE, OR IMPOSSIBLE[c].

For inſtance, of a Lion;

[d] *He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,*
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him.

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of

[c] Into which even the great Corneille has ſometimes fallen, and that too even in his Cinna; much more when he copies the extravagancies of Guillam de Caſtro, in his Cid. The Spaniſh writers abound in theſe abſurdities; and indeed there are many ſuch in Rotrou and in Ronſard.

[d] Vet. Aut. W.

Of the ſame.

[e] *Th' obſcureneſs of her birth*
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

Of a Bull-baiting.

[f] *Up to the Stars the ſprawling maſtives fly,*
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky.

Of a ſcene of Miſery.

[g] *Behold a ſcene of miſery and woe!*
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe thoſe hundred eyes.

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two lovers happy.

II. The PERIPHRASIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country proſpect,

[h] *I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,*
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;

While

[e] Theob. Double Falſhood. [f] Blackm. [g] Anon. [h] Anon. W.

While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high.

III. The third Claſs remains, of the *Diminiſhing* Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurprize.

On the extent of the Britiſh Arms.

Under the Tropicks is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.

On a Warrior.

[k] *And thou Dalhouſſy the great God of War,*
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

On the Valour of the Engliſh.

[l] *Nor* Art *nor* Nature *has the force*
To ſtop its ſteddy courſe,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenaens *keep it out,*
Nor fortify'd Redoubt.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurprizingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous. A ſurprize reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on

[i] Waller. [k] Anon. [l] Denn. on Namur. W.

on the pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are theſe lines of a Leviathan at ſea.

[m] *His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,*
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment ſeem.
Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with age, or* grey *with ſudden fear.*

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing.

[n] *Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,*
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted Ore.
Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to *and* fro *huge* Heaps of Cinders ſhov'd.

2. THE VULGAR,

is alſo a Species of the *Diminiſhing:* By this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

[o] *The mighty* Stuffa *threw a maſſy ſpear,*
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, ſung *thro' the air.*

A Man

[m] Blackm. Job, p. 197. [n] Pr. Arthur, p. 157. [o] Pr. Arthur. W

A Man raging with grief to a Maſtiff Dog:

[p] *I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,*
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw.*

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great neceſſity:

Diſtended *with the* Waters *in 'em pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air, but* hang unrent.

3. THE INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt Maſter in this way: Hear how he fondles like a mere ſtammerer.

[q] Little Charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of beauty's queen,*
Hither, Britiſh muſe of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurſeling *ſee.*
When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.
When again the lambkins *play,*
Pretty Sportlings *full of* May.
Then the neck ſo white and round,
(Little Neck *with brilliants bound*)

And

[p] Job, p. 41. [q] Amb. Philips on Miſs Cuzzona. W.

And thy Gentleneſs *of mind,*
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind)* etc.
Happy *thrice, and* thrice agen,
Happieſt *he of* happy *men,* etc.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent Lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

[r] *Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep.*

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death:

[s] *That ever ſhe* could *die! Oh moſt* unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet *behind!*
And yet,—Why blame I her? ——

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts at their own deaths:

[t] *Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,*
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd hair,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.

4. THE INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances:

Ah

[r] Philips's Paſtorals. [s] Ibid. [t] Ibid. W.

[u] *Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,*
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)

[x] *To the grave Senate ſhe could counſel give,*
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive.)

[y] *He whom loud cannon could not terrify,*
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majeſty.)

[z] *Happy, merry as a king,*
Sipping *dew, you* ſip, *and ſing.*

The Noiſe *returning with returning* Light,

What did it?

[a] *Diſpers'd the* Silence, *and diſpell'd the* Night.

You eaſily perceive the Nothingneſs of every ſecond Verſe.

[b] *The Glories of proud* London *to ſurvey,*
The Sun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day.

5. THE EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

[c] *Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,*
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

Or

[u] Philips's Paſtorals. [x] Phil. on Q. Mary. [y] Ibid.
[z] T. Cook, on a Graſhopper. [a] Anon. [b] Autor. Vet. W.
[c] I am afraid he glanced at Thomſon.

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

[d] *All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,*
And his ſon's ſons, till there ſhall be no more.

[e] *The riſing ſun our grief did ſee,*
The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame,
While wretched we remembred thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name.

6. THE MACROLOGY AND PLEONASM

are generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words, and vacuity of ſenſe, being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure.

[f] *The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,*
The food of armies and ſupport of wars,

Refuſe

[d] T. Cook, Poems. [e] Ibid. W.

[f] Even ſuch pure writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have ſometimes been guilty of Pleonaſms; of which there are examples in the Miſcell. Obſervations of Jortin, p. 37, vol. ii. Of this ſort of ſtyle Quintilian, as uſual, ſpeaks elegantly: 'Ut corpora non robore ſed valetudine inflantur; et recto itinere lapſi, plerumque divertunt. Erit ergo obſcurior, quo quiſqui deterior.' Again, 'Ut ſtaturâ breves in digitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi minantur.—Ne oneretur tamen verbis multis; nam ſit longa et impedita oratio, ut eam judices ſimilem agmini totidem lixas habenti quot milites; in quo et numerus eſt duplex, nec duplum virium.' The ſix Engliſh lines here quoted are a ſevere ſtroke on Addiſon's Campaign.

[g] Camp. W.

Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed,
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.

Of all which the Perfection is

THE TAUTOLOGY.

[h] *Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main.*
In ſmother numbers, and—in ſofter verſe.

[i] Divide—*and* part—*the* ſever'd *World*—*in* two.

With ten thouſand others equally muſical, and plentifully flowing through moſt of our celebrated modern Poems.

CHAP. XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE *Expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It muſt not be always *Grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become

[h] Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 291, 4th Edit.
[i] Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121. W.

become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, ſometimes uſe the wrong Number; *The Sword and Peſtilence at once devours*, inſtead of *devour*[k]. Sometimes the wrong Caſe; *And who more fit to ſooth the God than* [l] *thee?* inſtead of *thou:* And rather than ſay, *Thetis ſaw Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things: firſt, in the *Choice* of *low Words:* ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our Poets are naturally bleſs'd with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt Citizen, who had made *Proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my laſt cited author, who, though otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple.)

[m] *If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,*
From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.

[n] *full of days was he;*
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee.

The

[k] Ti. Hom. Il. i. W.

[l] Our author himſelf has more than once fallen into this fault, as hath been obſerved in the notes of this edition, and of which Dr. Lowth in his Grammar mentions many inſtances.

[m] Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11. [n] Idem, p. 17. W.

[o] *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more*
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.

[p] *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,*
The moſt deſpis'd of all the Gods am I.

[q] *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,*
Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be.

Or theſe of the ſame hand[r].

[s] *I leave the arts of poetry and verſe*
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And ſo at [t] *once, dear friend and muſe, farewell.*

Sometimes a ſingle *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship ſet on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

[u] *And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot contagion* fry'd.

And in that deſcription of a World in ruins:

[x] *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,*
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.

So

[o] Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 19. [p] P. 34. [q] P. 38. W.

[r] Aſſerting plainly that the firſt book of the Iliad, publiſhed by Tickell, was really the work of Addiſon.

[s] Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit. W.

[t] Theſe are the two laſt feeble lines of Addiſon's epiſtle to Sacheverell; and the two preceding ones are as bad.

[u] Pr. Arthur, p. 151. [x] Tonſ. Miſc. vol. vi. p. 119. W.

So alſo in theſe:

[y] *Beaſts tame and ſavage to the rivers brink,*
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

[z] *He from the clouds does the* ſweet liquor ſqueeze,
That cheers the Foreſt and the Garden *trees.*

It is alſo uſeful to employ *Technical Terms* [a], which eſtrange your ſtyle from the great and general ideas of

[y] Job, 263. [z] Id. Job, 264. W.

[a] No paſſage in Blackmore himſelf can exceed the vulgarity of introducing technical terms, and ſea language, more than the following lines of the 146, 147, and 148, ſtanzas of Dryden's Annus mirabilis:

" So here ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old okum thro' each ſeam and rift.
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

" With boiling pitch another near at hand
From friendly Sweden brought, the ſeams inſtops;
Which well laid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhake them from the riſing beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

" Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling blind,
Or ſear-cloth maſh with ſtrong tarpawling coats,
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes."

Who would think it poſſible that theſe lines, and there are many ſuch to be found in his works, could have been written by the author of Palamon and Arcite, and the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanicks for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his [b] *Linen* was *finely ſpun*, and *bleach'd on the happy plains*. [c] Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuiraſſiers*; and, if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtyle them

[d] *Freſh* Troops *of Pains*, *and* regimented *Woes*.

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we ſhall mention only the principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire invention.

I. THE FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind preſents you with the following Poſie:

[e] *The groves appear all dreſt with wreaths of flowers,*
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhowers,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchange their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As

[b] Prince Arthur, p. 19. [c] Ibid. p. 339.
[d] Job, p. 86. [e] Behn's Poems, p. 2. W.

As if the willing branches ſtrove [f]
To beautify and ſhade the grove,——

(which indeed moſt branches do.) But this is ſtill excelled by our Laureat:

[g] *Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,*
And ſhoot and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh.

Hear alſo our Homer.

[h] *His* Robe *of* State *is form'd of light refin'd,*
An endleſs Train *of luſtre* ſpreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted Glory *made,*
With Pearl *celeſtial, and with Gems* inlaid:
Whence Floods *of joy, and* Seas *of Splendor flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.

2. THE PERT STYLE.

This does in a peculiar manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. Mr. *Thomas*

[f] It is ſurprizing to find ſo falſe and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines, in a writer generally ſo chaſte and correct as Addiſon.

"While here the vine on hills of ruins climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes." Campaign.

[g] Guardian, 12mo 127. [h] Blackm. Pſ. civ. W.

mas Brown, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied: In Verſe Mr. *Cibber's Prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taſte of the Times* the works of the *Ancients*. This we rightly phraſe *Doing* them into Engliſh, and *Making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-houſe Politician, Joſephus like the Britiſh Gazetteer, Tully is as ſhort and ſmart as Seneca or [1] Mr. Aſgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipſnap, and honeſt Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. THE ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem

[1] In ſuch familiar phraſes as theſe; "One good turn is the "ſhoeing horn of another.—He does me good in ſpite of my "teeth.—After a matter of eight years." And in Æſop, "The "moon was in a heavy twitter." Collier's Antoninus was in the ſame ſmart taſte. Thomas à Kempis was tranſlated by Dr. Stanhope, whoſe primneſs is here noted. There is hardly any ſpecies of bad writing but what is expoſed in ſome part or other of this little treatiſe, in which the juſteſt rules are delivered under the maſk of ridicule, fortius et melius, than in profeſſed and ſerious critical diſcourſes.

poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

[r] *See* Phoebus *now, as once for* Phaeton,
Has maſk'd his face, and put deep Mourning on;
Dark clouds his ſable Chariot *do ſurround,*
And the dull Steeds ſtalk o'er *the* melancholy round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

[s] *While rich* Burgundian *wine, and bright* Champaign
Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main.

(Whence we alſo learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

[t] *He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,*
Where he his liquid Regiments *does keep,*
Thither the waves file off, *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the ſea;*
Where they encamp, *and in their* ſtation ſtand,
Entrench'd *in* Works *of* Rock, *and* Lines *of Sand.*

Of two Armies on the point of engaging.

[u] *Yon armies are the* Cards *which both muſt play;*
At leaſt come off a Saver *if you may:*
Throw boldly *at the* Sum *the Gods have* ſet;
Theſe on your ſide will all their fortunes bet.

All

[r] Amb. Philips. [s] Pr. Arthur, p. 16.
[t] Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 261. [u] Lee, Sophon. W.

All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best Fashions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late, by the practice of Persons of the *first Quality*; and by the encouragement of the *Ladies*, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the Drawing-room. Indeed its incredible Progress and Conquests may be compared to those of the great *Sesostris*, and are every where known by the *same Marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * * and * * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* And *selling of Bargains*, and *double Entendre*, Κιββέρισμος and Ὀλδφιέλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. THE FINICAL STYLE[x],

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

[y] Won *by the summer's* importuning *ray*,
Th' eloping *stream did from her channel stray*,
And with enticing *sun-beams* stole away.

Of

[x] In which Felton's Superficial Dissertation on the Classics is written, who is very fearful to be thought a Scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin.

[y] Blackm. Job, p. 26.

W—

Of an eaſy Death.

[z] *When watchful death ſhall on his harveſt look,*
And ſee thee ripe with age, invite *the hook;*
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *Stalk, and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* Grave, *his* Granary.

Of Trees in a Storm.

[a] *Oaks whoſe extended arms the winds defy,*
The tempeſt ſees *their ſtrength,* and ſighs, and paſſes by.

Of Water ſimmering over the Fire.

[b] *The ſparkling flames raiſe water to a* Smile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and leſſens all the while.*

5. LASTLY, I ſhall place the CUMBROUS[c], which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the firſt is the proper engine to depreſs what is high, ſo is the ſecond to raiſe what is baſe

[z] Blackm. Job, p. 23. [a] Denn. [b] Anon. Tonſ. Miſc. Part vi. p. 224. W.

[c] This is the fault of two eminent writers, who at the ſame time abound in tranſcendent beauties, and whom for that reaſon it is leſs invidious to mention, Thomſon and Johnſon; and I fear even Milton has furniſhed an example:

" I hear the ſound of words, their ſenſe, the air
Diſſolves, unjointed, e'er it reach my ear."
Samſon Agoniſtes, v. 176.

baſe and low to a ridiculous Viſibility: When both theſe can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is ſet with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: One end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one.* Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the moſt vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?——

See who is there?

[d] *Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,*
And tell me who comes yonder.——

Shut the Door.

[e] *The wooden guardian of our privacy*
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my Clothes.

Bring me what Nature, taylor to the Bear,
To Man *himſelf deny'd: She gave me Cold,*
But would not give me Clothes.——

Light

[d] Temp. W.

[e] Ariſtophanes in the Frogs, v. 465. has a ſtrange expreſſion, γῖυσαι τῆς θύρας, taſte the door; knock gently at it.

Light the Fire.

Bring forth ſome remnant of Promethean *theft,*
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas' *rude breath.*——

Snuff the Candle.

Yon luminary amputation needs,
Thus ſhall you ſave its half-extinguiſh'd life.

Open the Letter.

[t] *Wax! render up thy truſt.*——

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

[u] *Apply thine engine to the ſpungy door,*
Set Bacchus *from his glaſſy priſon free,*
And ſtrip white Ceres *of her nut-brown coat.*

[t] Theob. Double Falſehood. W.

[u] Theſe verſes are his own.

CHAP. XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may ſay, broke open the Abyſſes of this *Great Deep*. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmoſt might do proceed to put the ſame in execution? In order whereto, I think I ſhall in the ſecond place highly deſerve of my country, by propoſing ſuch a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other Arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into

ſeveral

ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: For inſtance, in Clock-making one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: To this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular Trope or Figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of Quality; accordingly we find in thoſe Gentlemen a wonderful propenſity towards it, which is marvellouſly improved by Travelling: Soldiers alſo and Seamen are very happy in the ſame Figure. The [s] *Periphraſis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Eliplis* or Speech of half words, of Miniſters and Politicians; the *Apoſiopeſis* of Courtiers; the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whiſperers, and Backbiters; and the *Anadiploſis* of common Cryers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may

[s] All this paragraph down to the words in it, "Houſe of Commons," is wonderfully acute and ſatirical, eſpecially the mentioning the Bear-garden.

may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *Sarcaſm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the Houſe of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the Society (as hath been propoſed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphoriſt* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Compariſons*, to the *Ironiſt* for his *Sarcaſms*, to the *Apothegmatiſt* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived with all convenient diſpatch at the publick expence, a *Rhetorical Cheſt of Drawers*, conſiſting of three Stories, the higheſt for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *Judicial*. Theſe ſhall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repoſitories for Matter and Argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into Cells, reſembling thoſe of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Preſs*, may in a very few days be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the

the *Vituperative Partition* will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an Organ.

The Keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unqueſtioned Loyalty and Affection to every preſent Eſtabliſhment in Church and State; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion *let out* by the *Day*, to ſeveral great Orators in both Houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will alſo accrue to our Society.

CHAP. XIV.[h]

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES, AND OF THE COLOURS OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what neceſſity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our Works as *Speed* and *Diſpatch*. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking, proportioned to their heavineſs: For it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with thoſe of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the Morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before Night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegryic*, which are often

[h] It will be difficult to find more knowledge of life, more wit more ſatire, more good ſenſe, in any paſſage of equal length than is comprized in this fourteenth chapter. Perhaps Dryden's Dedication of the State of Innocence to the Dutcheſs of York is a piece of the groſſeſt and moſt abject adulation that ever diſgraced true genius, except indeed the nauſeous and fulſome Dedication of ſuch a man as Corneille of his Horace to Cardinal Richlieu, after this proud churchman had treated him ſo injuriouſly in the affair of the Cid. If it be thought that I ſpeak diſreſpectfully of ſuch a great miniſter as Richlieu, I beg leave to ſay, that one ſuch poet as Corneille is of more real value than an hundred Richlieus, in the eyes of thoſe who regard merits more than ſtations.

often but the *Praiſe of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts whereon in a manner depend that *Profit* which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the quickeſt method of compoſing them; after which we ſhall teach a *ſhort Way to Epic Poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt Importance and Difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of *Panegyric*: Every man is *honourable*, who is ſo by Law, Cuſtom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like thoſe of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great Miniſters, without either private or economical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Poſts*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*, juſt by paying *Publick Intereſt*, courageous and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Succeſs*. They have by their Office, a right to a ſhare of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; beſides they are by *Preſcription immemorial* inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predeceſſors* in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own Anceſtors.

As

As to what are commonly called the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Diſhonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*[1].

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The firſt and chief Rule is, the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which conſiſts in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a juſt Debt, may have his Injuſtice *transformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphoſed into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowſhip; Corruption into Patriotiſm; and Lewdneſs into Tenderneſs and Facility.

The ſecond is the *Rule of Contraries*. It is certain, the leſs a Man is endowed with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has*?

The Reverſe of theſe Precepts will ſerve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place,

[1] A ſevere ſarcaſm on three orders of knighthood in this country. But why ridicule ſuch orders? Is it not of public utility, and conſequently providential, that there ſhould be a ſort of minds in the world capable of being actuated and put into motion by ſuch objects, as wits and philoſophers call Trifles?

place, or becomes out of favour of the Government, hath forfeited his ſhare in *publick Praiſe* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly publick ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real *poetical Juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be uſed in the Praiſe and Diſpraiſe of Miniſterial and Unminiſterial Perſons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren, to obſerve the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *Ears* in the *Pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM [k].

AN Epic Poem, the Critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt

[k] A ſevere animadverſion is here intended on Boſſu; who, after he has been ſo many years quoted, commended, and followed, by a long train of reſpectable diſciples, muſt, I am afraid, alas! be at laſt deſerted and given up as a viſionary and fantaſtical critic; eſpecially for imagining, among other vain and groundleſs conceits

almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I ſhall here endea-

ceits and refinements, that Homer and Virgil firſt fixed on ſome one moral truth or axiom, and then added a fable or ſtory, with ſuitable names and characters, proper to illuſtrate the truth ſo fixed upon. Before Boſſu, Mambrun had advanced the ſame doctrine, and treated it in a philoſophical Ariſtotelian manner, in a laboured Diſſertation, which he exemplified by a woeful Latin Epic Poem, intituled Conſtantinus. He was one of thoſe many critics who may remind us of the fate of Boccalini, when he was appointed by Paul V. governor of a ſmall town, becauſe he had written well on political ſubjects and on the art of government; but was obliged to be recalled after three months adminiſtration for incapacity in the buſineſs. The lamentable Epic Poems that Boileau has ſtrung together, the Jonas, the David, the Moſes, the Alaric, the Clovis, are exactly of the ſort and ſize of Sir Richard's Job, Arthur, and Alfred; from whom our Scriblerus takes ſo many inſtances of the abſurd. To theſe Voltaire has added a work that ought to be exempted from this catalogue, the St. Louis of the Jeſuit Le Moine, who ſeems to have poſſeſſed a more vigorous and fertile fancy than any of his countrymen; who, whatever talents they may lay claim to, are not eminent for imagination and creative powers. His Poem is in eighteen books, on the Recovery of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns from the Saracens; the ſubject therefore cloſely reſembles that of Taſſo, certainly one of the moſt intereſting ſubjects that has ever been treated. He has, like Taſſo alſo, introduced machinery of angels, demons, and magicians. The ſpeech and behaviour of one of the latter, Mireme, in the fifth book, page 145. who calls up from Hell the ſhades of many departed tyrants, is conceived with wonderful wildneſs of fancy, heightened by the ſcene of this tranſaction, near the pyramids of Egypt; eſpecially when the ghoſt of Saladin declares, with an awful and tremendous voice, that the Sultan muſt ſlay his daughter as an expiatory ſacrifice. In ſhort, this poem abounds in the terrible graces, and is in a tone and manner very ſuperior to that generally uſed by the writers of France, and approaching to the ſublimity of Dante or Milton; the noble fictions of whoſe Paradiſe Loſt, the cautious and

endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that Epic Poems may be be made *without a Genius*, nay without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any Man can do it with *Money*, and if a profeſſed Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a Poem, 'tis eaſily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, Hiſtory-book, Romance, or Legend (for inſtance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis*

and ſevere Boileau has, it is imagined, endeavoured to ridicule in the third canto of his Art of Poetry, v. 193.

" Et quel objet enfin a preſenter aux yeux,
Que le diable toujours hurlant contre les cieux,
Qui de votre heros veut rabaiſſer la gloire,
Et ſouvent avec Dieu balance la victoire."

What Boileau ſays of the Epopee is the worſt, and what Marmontel ſays, is the beſt part in their reſpective Arts of Poetry. It ought to be added, that although Le Moine frequently uſes a turgid and hyperbolical ſtyle; yet that he has prefixed a diſcourſe on Heroic Poetry, in which are many ſenſible and acute remarks. Le Moine is praiſed by Fontenelle, vol. 11. of his works. Voltaire very frankly owns, " Les Francais n'ont pas la tete Epique."

Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long Deſcriptions:* Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale.* Then take a Hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate.*

TO MAKE AN EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

FOR THE MORAL AND ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leiſure: Be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS[1].

For thoſe of the Hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated Heroes of antiquity;

[1] A ſtroke of ridicule on Boſſu. Two very different opinions are held on this ſubject; and two very oppoſite interpretations are given of the χρηστα ηθη of Ariſtotle, and *notandi mores* of Horace. Dacier, Boſſu, Shafteſbury, Harris, maintain that the words mean, that the manners ſhould be only poetically good; but Heinſius, Hare, Batteaux,

quity; if they will not be reduced to a *Conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honeſt Man*. For the *Under Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of *Deities* [m], male and female, as many as you can uſe: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract

Batteaux, Marmontel, and Twining, inſiſt that they ſhould be morally good. The ſucceeding paragraph about the uſe of machines cannot but remind one of the different opinions held on this ſubject by Petronius, by Boſſu, by Hobbes, by Temple, by Hurd, by Voltaire, by Lord Kaims, by Blair, and Boileau.

[m] In Dryden's long dedication to Lord Dorſet of his tranſlation of Juvenal, he gives an account of his deſign of writing an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince, and of the machinery he intended to have uſed on that occaſion, which ſeems to have been happily and judiciouſly imagined, founded on an idea of a conteſt between the Guardian Angels of kingdoms. But Arthur was reſerved for another fate, and furniſhes the moſt abſurd examples in the Bathos.

extract your *Spirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe Machines is evident; ſince no Epic Poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct Preſcription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit—

That is to ſay, *A Poet ſhould never call upon the Gods for their Aſſiſtance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempeſt.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of Rain, Lightning, and Thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit:* mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Deſcription here and there with a Quickſand. Brew your Tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a blowing.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of Images and Deſcriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmiſh.* Seaſon it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For

For a *Burning Town.* If ſuch a Deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*[m], well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *Succedaneum.*

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this adviſe with your *Bookſeller*[n].

[m] An undeſerved ſarcaſm on a work full of ſtrong imagery, Burnet's Theory.

[n] The Diſcourſe of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all nations, added to his Henriade, contains many falſe and rude opinions, particularly ſome objections to Paradiſe Loſt. In the Geneva edition of this Poem we are informed of a curious anecdote: When it was printed at London in 1726, in quarto, by ſubſcription, Mr. Dadiky, a Greek, and native of Smyrna, who at that time reſided in London, ſaw by chance the firſt leaf as it was printing, where was the following line,

"Qui forca les Francois à devenir heureax;"

he immediately paid a viſit to the Author, and ſaid to him, "I am of the country of Homer; he did not begin his Poems by a ſtroke of Wit by an Enigma." The Author immediately corrected the line: but I beg leave to add, that he did not correct many others of the ſame modern kind. Voltaire has dropt a remark in the laſt edition of his Eſſay on Epic Poetry, which is not indeed very favourable to the taſte of his countrymen; but is perfectly true and juſt, and which he ſeems to have forgotten in ſome of his late aſſertions:

"It muſt be owned that it is more difficult for a Frenchman to ſucceed in Epic Poetry than for any other perſon; but neither the conſtraint of rhyme, nor the dryneſs of our language, is the cauſe of this difficulty. Shall I venture to name the cauſe? It is becauſe,

of all poliſhed nations, ours is the leaſt poetic. The works in verſe, which are moſt in vogue in France, are pieces for the theatre. Theſe pieces muſt be written in a ſtyle that approaches to that of converſation. Deſpreaux has treated only didactic ſubjects, which require ſimplicity. It is well known that exactneſs and elegance conſtitute the chief merit of his verſes, and thoſe of Racine; and when Deſpreaux attempted a ſublime ode, he was no longer Deſpreaux. Theſe examples have accuſtomed the French to too uniform a march."

CHAP. XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE [o].

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is ſo well taken care of, by the preſent *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other Methods

[o] The character of a Player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuouſly. Johnſon fell into the ſame cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjuſtly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of ſome of the beſt families in this country. Baron, Chamellè, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally reſpected in France. But the whole chapter is, in other reſpects, replete with incomparable and original humour, particularly the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh articles of this project. I have not been able to diſcover that Booth, who was a man of excellent character, or Wilkes, ever gave any ſuch particular offence to our author as to deſerve the ſarcaſms here thrown upon them.

Methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our Brethren, let me return our ſincere and humble Thanks to the moſt Auguſt Mr. Barton Booth, the moſt Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the moſt Undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the People of this Age ſhall be Anceſtors*, and to all *the Succeſſion of our Succeſſors*, that to this preſent day they continue to *Out-do* even their *own Out-doings:* And when the inevitable Hand of ſweeping Time ſhall have bruſhed off all the Works of *To-Day*, may this Teſtimony of a *Cotemporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet, if to ſo wiſe an Adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greateſt Critics and Reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a Project ſigned with their names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the Reader with the Subſtance of it.

1. It is propoſed, that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Muſic* be added to them as an *Orcheſtra*; and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnerſhip.

2. That a ſpacious building be erected at the Publick expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thou-*

ſand Spectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of Children and Nurſes to the Audience, ſince the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geometrical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two Houſes of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who ſhall have their Places frank.

3. If *Weſtminſter-Hall* be not allotted to this ſervice (which by reaſon of its proximity to the two chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, ſeems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wiſdom of the Nation whether *Somerſet-Houſe* may not be demoliſhed, and a Theatre built upon that Site, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surry*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all Projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readieſt manner convey thoſe eminent Perſonages from Courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by Curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to ſee their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* aboveſaid be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *Critics* and *Poets*; out of whom

Six

Six of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided nevertheleſs that the Laureat for the time being may be always one. The Head or Preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt ancient *Poet* and *Critic* to be found in the whole Iſland.

5. The *Male Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid Quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *Actreſſes* are to make their beds, and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *Library* to conſiſt of all the modern Dramatic Poems, and all the Criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round Table for the *Council of Six* to ſit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* ſhall determine the Diſpute; and if it ſhould happen that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the Preſident ſhall have a *caſting Voice*, unleſs where the Contention may run ſo high as to require deciſion by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the Theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſick, they may give *Signs* (before ſettled and

agreed upon) of Diſlike or Approbation. In conſequence of theſe Signs the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *Council of Six* by ſome particular Habit or Gown of an honourable ſhape and colour, to which may be added a ſquare Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actreſſes making away with their Infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the ſaid Actreſſes ſhall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private Gentleman's Son ſhall at the public expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*: A more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the ſon of a *Poet*; and a greater ſtill for the ſon of a *Critic*.

10. If it be diſcovered that any Actreſs is got with Child, during the interludes of any Play wherein ſhe hath a Part, it ſhall be reckoned a neglect of her buſineſs, and ſhe ſhall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future ſhall commit Murder, except upon the Stage, he ſhall be left to the laws of the land;

land; the like is to be underſtood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other caſes, particularly in thoſe for *Debt*, it is propoſed that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James*'s, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to ſatisfy paultry Creditors has been a Diſcouragement to Men of Letters, if any Perſon of Quality or others ſhall ſend for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the ſaid Poet or Critic ſhall freely paſs and repaſs without being liable to an *Arreſt*.

11. The forementioned Scheme in its ſeveral regulations may be ſupported by Profits ariſing from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to ſuppoſe that ſo many perſons could live without any food (though from the former courſe of their lives, *a very little* will be deemed ſufficient) the maſters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of thoſe Profits, the ſaid Perſons might be ſubſiſted in a ſober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint*, *Diet-drinks*, *Spitting-pots*, and all other *Neceſſaries* of *Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If ſome of the Articles may at firſt view ſeem liable to Objections, particularly thoſe that give ſo vaſt a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger

than any entruſted to the great Officers of State) this may be obviated, by ſwearing thoſe *Six* Perſons of his Majeſty's Privy Council, and obliging them to paſs every thing of moment *previouſly* at that moſt honourable Board.

AN ESSAY

OF THE LEARNED

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

CONCERNING

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES.

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. ——— F. R. S.
FROM THE DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the enquiries which have been purſued by the curious and inquiſitive, there is none more worthy the ſearch of a learned head, than the ſource from whence we derive thoſe arts and ſciences, which raiſe us ſo far above the vulgar, the countries which they roſe, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As thoſe who firſt brought them amongſt us attained them by travelling into the remoteſt parts of the earth, I may boaſt of ſome advantages by the ſame means, ſince I write this from the deſerts of Æthiopia, from thoſe plains of ſand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my

my foot perhaps at this inſtant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyſes; a ſolitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Appollonius ever penetrated.

It is univerſally agreed that arts and ſciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and Indians; but from whom they firſt received them is yet a ſecret. The higheſt period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Aſſyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worſhipped as gods. It is therefore neceſſary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain ſome knowledge of their hiſtory, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the firſt empires; we have mention, though not hiſtories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but perſuade myſelf, from thoſe accounts in [p] Homer, Ariſtotle, and others, of their Hiſtory, Wars, and Revolutions, and from the very *air* in which thoſe authors ſpeak of them as of *things known*, that they were then a part of the ſtudy of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military atchievements in the brave defence of their country, from the annual invaſions of a powerful enemy; yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government, though there remain no traces of their civil inſtitutions. Empires as great have been ſwallowed

[p] Il. iii. Hom.

lowed up in the wreck of time; and ſuch ſudden periods have been put to them as occaſion a total ignorance of their ſtory. And if I ſhould conjecture that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by thoſe flocks of monſtrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infeſted, it ought not to ſeem more incredible than that once the Baleares was waſted by rabbits, [q] Smynthe by mice, and of late [r] Bermudas almoſt depopulated by rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few ſurvivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deſerts, where they lived undiſturbed, till they were found out by Oſiris, in his travels to inſtruct mankind.

"He met," ſays Diodorus [s], "in Æthiopia, a ſort "of *little Satyrs*, who were hairy one half of their "body, and whoſe leader, Pan, accompanied him in "his expedition for the civilizing of mankind." Now of this great perſonage Pan we have a very particular deſcription in the ancient writers, who unanimouſly agree to repreſent him *ſhaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beaſt*, and walking *erect with a ſtaff*, (the poſture in which his race do to this day appear among us); and ſince the chief thing to which he applied himſelf was the civilizing of mankind, it ſhould ſeem that the firſt principle of ſcience muſt be received from that nation to which the gods were

[q] Euſtat. in Hom. Iliad i. [r] Speed. in Bermudas.
[s] Diod. l. i. c. 18.

were by Homer ſaid to reſort twelve days every year for the converſation of its wiſe and juſt inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we ſhall find that their knowledge alſo derived itſelf from the ſame ſource. To that country did theſe noble creatures accompany Bacchus, in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is alſo deſcribed to us with the ſame marks and qualifications. "Mankind "is ignorant," ſaith Diodorus[t], "whence Silenus "derived his birth through his great antiquity; but "he had a *tail* on his *loins*, as *likewiſe had all his pro-* "*geny* in ſign of their deſcent." Here then they ſettled a colony, which to this day ſubſiſts with the ſame tails. From this time they ſeem to have communicated themſelves only to thoſe men, who retired from the converſe of their own ſpecies to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midſt of thoſe ſolitudes they inſtituted the ſo much celebrated order of Gymnoſophiſts. For whoever obſerves the *ſcene* and *manner* of their life, will eaſily find them to have imitated, with all exactneſs imaginable, the manners and cuſtoms of their maſters and inſtructors. They are ſaid to dwell in the *thickeſt woods*, to go *naked*, to ſuffer their *bodies* to be over-run with *hair*, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. [u]Plutarch ſays, "they eat what "they could get in the fields, their drink was water, "and

[t] Diod. l. iii. c. 69. [u] Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.

" and their bed made of leaves or moſs." And [x]Herodotus tells us, " that they eſteemed it a great " exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*."

Hence we ſee that the nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the ſame that have ever moſt abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contended which was firſt bleſt with the riſe of ſcience, yet they have conſpired in being grateful to their common maſters. Ægypt is well known to have worſhipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly ſuppoſed to have done the ſame from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of theſe hairy philoſophers, in juſt gratitude, as it ſhould ſeem, to the mouth from which they received their knowledge. Paſs we now over into Greece; where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the ſame intent as Oſiris and Bacchus made in their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece firſt heard the name of Satyrs, or owned them for *Semi dei*; and hence it is ſurely reaſonable to conclude, that he brought ſome of this wonderful ſpecies along with him, who alſo had a leader of the line of Pan, of the ſame name, and expreſsly called King by [y]Theocritus. If thus much be allowed, we eaſily account for two of the ſtrangeſt reports in all antiquity: One is, that of the beaſts following the muſic of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming ſavage tempers; but will thus have a literal

[x] Herodot. l. i. [y] Πᾶ, Ἄναξ. Theocr. Id. i.

ral application. The other, which we muſt inſiſt upon, is the fabulous ſtory of the Gods compreſſing women in woods, under beſtial appearances; which will be ſolved by the love theſe ſages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am ſenſible it may be objected, that they are ſaid to have been compreſſed in the ſhape of different animals; but to this we anſwer, that women under ſuch apprehenſions hardly know what ſhape they have to deal with.

From what has been ſaid, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at leaſt for the acuteſt wits of antiquity. One of the moſt remarkable inſtances is that great mimick genius [z] Æſop, for whoſe extraction from thoſe *Sylveſtres homines* we may gather an argument from Pſanudes, who ſays, that Æſop ſignifies the ſame thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a ſecond argument we may offer the deſcription of his perſon, which was ſhort, deformed, and almoſt ſavage, inſomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himſelf to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third proof is his acute and ſatyrical wit: And laſtly, his great knowledge in the nature of beaſts, together with the natural pleaſure he took to ſpeak of them upon all occaſions. The next inſtance I ſhall produce is [a] Socrates. Firſt, it was a tradition, that he was of an

[z] Vid. Æſop. initio. [a] Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

an uncommon birth from the reſt of men: Secondly, he had a countenance confeſſing the line he ſprung from, being bald, flat-noſed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: Thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æſop into verſe, probably out of his reſpect to beaſts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In proceſs of time the women, with whom theſe Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their ſhapes, to ſhun their embraces; ſo that our ſages were neceſſitated to mix with beaſts. This by degrees occaſioned the hair of their poſterity to grow higher than their middles: it aroſe in one generation to their arms; in the ſecond, it invaded their necks; in the third, it gained the aſcendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the ſpecies is now immerſed, became compleated. Though we muſt here obſerve, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being ſome unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable alſo, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not ſo entire, but there ſtill appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifeſt in thoſe who followed Alexander into India. How did they attend his army, and ſurvey his order? How did they caſt themſelves into the ſame form, for march, or for combat? What an imitation

imitation was there of all his diſcipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike diſpoſition, and of that conſtitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the firſt appearance of theſe wild philoſophers, there were ſome of the leaſt mixed, who vouchſafed to converſe with mankind; which is evident from the name of [b] *Fauns* a *fando*, or ſpeaking. Such was he, who coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed againſt the Hetruſcans, who would have reſtored Tarquin. But here, as in all the weſtern parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be ſilent. This we may place ſomething near the time of Ariſtotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philoſophers encreaſed, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the ſimpler wiſdom of theſe ancient Sylvans; the queſtions of that academy were too numerous to be conſiſtent with their eaſe to anſwer, and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a deriſion and ſcorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving anſwers, it is only when caught, bound, and conſtrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet Proteus.

Accordingly we read in [c] Sylla's time of ſuch a philoſopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be perſuaded to give them a lecture by all they could ſay

[b] Livy. [c] Plutarch. in Vit. Syllæ.

ſay to him, and only ſhewed his power in ſounds by neighing like a horſe.

But a more ſucceſsful attempt was made in Auguſtus's reign by the inquiſitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators ſuppoſe to have been the true perſons, who are related in the ſixth bucolick to have caught a philoſopher, and doubtleſs a genuine one, of the race of old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him faſt, but allured him likewiſe by a courteous preſent of a comely maiden, called Ægle, which made him ſing both merrily and inſtructively.

In this ſong we have their doctrine of the creation, the ſame in all probability as was taught ſo many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, ſeveral hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embelliſhed their morals: For which reaſon, I look upon this bucolick as an ineſtimable treaſure of the moſt ancient ſcience.

In the reign of Conſtantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wiſdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philoſopher, and only inſtructed by his action.

The laſt we ſhall ſpeak of, who ſeemeth to be of the true race, is ſaid, by St. Jerome, to have met

St. [d] Anthony in a deſert, who enquiring the way of him, he ſhewed his underſtanding and courteſy by pointing, but would not anſwer, for he was a dumb philoſopher alſo.

Theſe are all the notices, which I am at preſent able to gather, of the appearance of ſo great and learned a people on your ſide of the world. But if we return to their ancient native ſeats, Africa and India, we ſhall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whoſe leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and ſtratagem won a fort from the Portugueſe.

But I muſt leave all others at preſent, to celebrate the praiſe of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince moſt learned and communicative, to whom, in Malabar, their exceſs of zeal dedicated a temple, raiſed on ſeven hundred pillars, not inferior in [e] Moffæus's opinion, to thoſe of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimaut the marvellous, his relation and ſucceſſor, whoſe knowledge was ſo great, as made his followers doubt, if even that wiſe ſpecies could arrive at ſuch perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a ſort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portugueſe took in Biſnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according

[d] Vit. St. Ant. [e] Moff. i, 1.

cording to [f] Linſchotten, the immenſe ſum of ſeven hundred thouſand ducats. Nor let me quit this head, without mentioning, with all due reſpect, Oran Outang the great, the laſt of this line, whoſe unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of the Europeans: Oran Outang, whoſe value was not known to us, for he was a mute philoſopher; Oran Outang, by whoſe diſſection the learned Dr. Tyſon [g] has added a confirmation to this ſyſtem, from the reſemblance between the *homo Sylveſtris* and our human body, in thoſe organs by which the rational ſoul is exerted.

We muſt now deſcend to conſider this people as ſunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beaſts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving ſome from the ſpleen, and others from impoſthumes, by occaſioning laughter at proper ſeaſons; with what readineſs do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what ſurpriſing relations have Le Comte [h] and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of purſuing them? If under their preſent low circumſtances of birth and breeding, and in ſo ſhort a time of life, as is now allotted them, they ſo far exceed all beaſts, and equal many men, what prodigies may we not conceive of thoſe, who were *nati melioribus annis*, thoſe primitive *longæval* and *antediluvian*.

[f] Linſchot. ch. 44. [g] Dr. Tyſon's anatomy of a pigmy.
[h] Father le Comte, a Jeſuit, in the account of his travels.

diluvian man-tygers, who firſt taught ſcience to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain, correſpondent to ſeveral opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiſcovered both by them, and the more ingenious moderns. And now what ſhall I ſay to mankind in the thought of this great diſcovery? what, but that they ſhould abate of their pride, and conſider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beaſts. That theſe, who were our elder brothers, by a day, in the creation, whoſe kingdom (like that in the ſcheme of Plato) was governed by philoſophers, who flouriſhed with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undiſtinguiſhed, and known only by the ſame appellation as the man-tyger and the monkey!

As to ſpeech, I make no queſtion, that there are remains of the firſt and leſs corrupted race in their native deſerts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reaſon given by the Spaniards, "That they will not ſpeak for fear of being ſet to work," is alone a ſufficient one, conſidering how exceedingly all other learned perſons affect their eaſe. A ſecond is, that theſe obſervant creatures, having been eye-witneſſes of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it not neceſſary to ſhew themſelves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty alſo. Thirdly, they could at beſt take no delight to converſe with the Spaniards,

Spaniards, whoſe grave and ſullen temper is ſo averſe to that natural and open cheerfulneſs, which is generally obſerved to accompany all true knowledge.

But now, were it poſſible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly ſerviceable to the learned world, both in reſpect of recovering paſt knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no man in the world, whoſe natural turn is adapted to manage their ſociety, and win them by a ſweet ſimilitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a diſtinguiſhing civility, and in a manner faſcinate them by aſſimilated motions; no nation, where the women with eaſy freedoms, and the gentleſt treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to ſenſible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wiſh this country might be Great Britain; but alas! in our preſent wretched divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of ſo great prudence will freely declare their ſentiments in the midſt of violent parties, and at ſo vaſt a diſtance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour ſtate, would incline me to wiſh it were Holland. *Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil ſalit Arcadico.* Is it from France then we muſt expect this reſtoration of learning, whoſe late monarch took the ſciences under his protection, and raiſed them to ſo

great a height. May we not hope their emiſſaries will ſome time or other have inſtructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beaſts, the true ancient man-tygers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each of theſe be adapted to the improvement of the ſeveral ſciences? The man-tygers to inſtruct heroes, ſtateſmen, and ſcholars; baboons to teach ceremony and addreſs to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleaſing in converſation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of leſs learning, to form comedians and dancing-maſters; and marmoſets, court pages and young Engliſh travellers? But the diſtinguiſhing each kind, and allotting the proper buſineſs to each, I leave to the inquiſitive and penetrating genius of the Jeſuits in their reſpective miſſions.

Vale et fruere.

Virgilius Reſtauratus:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

Caſtigationum in Aeneidem

SPECIMEN.

AENEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque Criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quae ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus, de quibus non ſatisliquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra Libro ipſi praefigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI [h].

VER. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora.

[h] It is very eaſy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjuſters of texts, thoſe poor pioneers of literature; who drag forward

A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp reſtor'd.

To the indefatigable reſearches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that eaſe and facility with which we now are enabled to read. "I am perſuaded," ſays Bayle, "that the ridiculous obſtinacy of the firſt critics, who laviſhed ſo much of their time upon the queſtion, whether we ought to ſay Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great uſe; they thereby inſpired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they diſpoſed them to a ſedulous enquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occaſion to their improving by thoſe great examples." Dict. tom. v. p. 795. I have always been ſtruck with the following words of a commentator, who was alſo a great philoſopher, I mean Dr. Clarke; who thus finiſhes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer. "Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, ſi per ſe ſpectentur momenti. Sed ex elementis conſtant, ex principiis oriunter, omnia: Et ex judicii conſuetudine in rebus minutis adhibitâ, pendet ſæpiſſimè in maximis vera atque accurata ſcientia." Real ſcholars will always ſpeak with due regard of ſuch names, as the Scaligers, Salmaſius's, Heinſius's, Burman's, Reiſkius's, Markland's, Geſner's, Heynes's, Toup's, Bentley's, and Hare's. "Sans ce qu'on appelle les erudits," ſays Marmontel, very ſenſibly, "nous ſerions encore barbares. C'eſt grace aux lumieres qu'ils ont tranſmiſes, que leurs écrits ne ſont plus de ſaiſon." Jortin uſed frequently to mention this attempt to diſcredit emendatory criticiſm, with ſtrong marks of deriſion; and I have now before me, a letter from Toup to Mr. Thomas Warton, in the ſame ſtrain.

Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm—
Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm—

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaei Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Aeoli, ut ſequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. v. 193.—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quiſquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quiſquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*. et proculdubio ſic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Si corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*. quia Epitheton *Achatae* notiſſimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. Ver.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput.

Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus—*Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma Virûm.

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm,* quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*

Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi,* pleonaſmus eſt: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, Aen. xi. *Illa vel intactae ſegetis per ſumma volaret,* etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*

Jam *faeces* et ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque miniſtri:*

uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo—*Faeces facibus* longe praeſtant; quid enim niſi faeces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VER.

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim [k], longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus*: Nugae! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum dari? In quorum ipſum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequuntur
A tergo—

Tres littore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo—

Cervi, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: haec animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis neſcit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noſter alibi,

Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.

Omen praeclariſſimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequentur obſervatum, ut patet ex Hiſtoricis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones.*
Error graviſſimus. Corrigo,—*ſeptemque Triones.*

[k] One would think this note was written to ridicule Warburton's, not Bentley's, mode of criticiſing: It is ſo exactly appoſite to many of his interpretations.

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, o juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quae unica voce et torum et menſam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *o juvenes!* Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Aen. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpae:*
Anna! fatebor enim—

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere; *culpas*,
Anna? fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

VER. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *ſatur* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſeo legitur, *ore gemebant*; ſed magis ingenioſe quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe: quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum canilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in haec verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum *Diruerint* —Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiae regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. VER. 5.

Quaeque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Quaeque ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lacrymare, quam ſolummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Et

Et jam nox *lumina* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſidera ſomnos. Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* poſtquam *praecipitantur*, Aurorae adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojae *ſupremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojae *ſuperûmque* audire *labores*.

Curae noctis (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojanii) magis compendioſe (vel, ut dixit ipſe, *breviter*) totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuiſſe Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum *demens audire labores Expoſcit*: *Ter* enim pro *ſaepe* uſurpatur. *Trojae, ſuperûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Aen. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.——
Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit*.

Reſurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,

Inſtar

Inſtar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Aedificant——*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.

Tracti et *repulſi*, Antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *Equam Graecam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; ſolae enim femellae utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recuſſo Inſonuere cavae*—*Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere*—*Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *foeta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putet? Incredibile prorſus! quamobrem exiſtimo veram *equae* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *ſexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo. [1]

[1] There is much pleaſantry in ſuppoſing it ſhould be the Trojan Mare, and not Horſe; and in the reaſons aſſigned for this new reading. The ſame may be ſaid of altering *tectis* for *lectis*, v. 631. l. 1.; and of altering *opes* for *oves*, v. 4. l. 3.

A

SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS[1].

STRADLING VERSUS STILES.

Le Report del Caſe argue en le commen Banke devant touts les Juſtices de meſme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Styles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, **Pyed Hoyſes**, poſt. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del Caſe. **SIR** John Swale, **of** Swale-Hall, **in** Swale Dale, **faſt by the River** Swale, **Kt. made his Laſt Will and Teſtament: In which, among other Bequeſts, was this,** *viz.* Out of the kind Love and Reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid *Matthew Stradling*,

[1] This humourous report was written by Mr. Forteſcue.

ling, Gent. *all my black and white Horſes.* The Teſtator had ſix black Horſes, ſix white Horſes, and ſix pyed Horſes.

Le Point. The Debate therefore was, whether or no the ſaid Matthew Stradling ſhould have the ſaid pyed Horſes by Virtue of the ſaid Bequeſt.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. Voy ſemble que le Pl. recovera.

And firſt of all it ſeemeth expedient to conſider what is the Nature of Horſes, and alſo what is the Nature of Colours; and ſo the Argument will conſequently divide itſelf in a twofold way, that is to ſay, the Formal Part, and Subſtantial Part. Horſes are the Subſtantial Part, or thing bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or deſcriptive Part.

Horſe, in a phyſical Senſe, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which, by the apt and regular Diſpoſition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and conſtituted for the Uſe and Need of Man. Yea,

ſo

ſo neceſſary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Common-weal, that ſundry and divers Acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made in Favour of Horſes.

1ſt Edw. VI. Makes the tranſporting of Horſes out of the Kingdom, no leſs a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40 l.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from Horſe-ſtealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condeſcend ſo far as to take Care of their very Breed: Theſe our wiſe Anceſtors prudently foreſeeing, that they could not better take care of their own Poſterity, than by alſo taking care of that of their Horſes.

And of ſo great Eſteem are Horſes in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Puniſhment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as

Master Bracton well obſerveth, unworthy to ride on a Horſe.

Littleton, Sect. 315. ſaith, If Tenants in Common make a Leaſe reſerving for Rent a Horſe, they ſhall have but one Aſſize, becauſe, ſaith the Book, the Law will not ſuffer a Horſe to be ſevered: Another Argument of what high Eſtimation the Law maketh of an Horſe.

But as the great Difference ſeemeth not to be ſo much touching the ſubſtantial Part, Horſes, let us proceed to the formal or deſcriptive Part, viz. What Horſes they are that come within this Bequeſt.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and conſequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatſoever.

By a Bequeſt therefore of black and white Horſes, grey or pyed Horſes may well paſs; for when two Extremes, or remoteſt Ends, of any thing are deviſed, the Law, by common Intend-

Intendment, will intend whatſoever is contained between them to be deviſed too.

But the preſent Caſe is ſtill ſtronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but alſo the very Letter of the words.

By the word Black, all the Horſes that are Black are deviſed; By the word White, are deviſed thoſe that are White; and by the ſame words, with the Conjunction copulative, And, between them, the Horſes that are Black and White, that is to ſay, Pyed, are deviſed alſo.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice verſa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horſes are deviſed, Pyed Horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch Deviſe; but Black and White Horſes are deviſed; *ergo* the Pl. ſhall have the Pyed Horſes.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne Serjeant, Moy ſemble al' contrary, The Plaintiff ſhall not have the

Pyed Horſes by Intendment; for if by the Deviſe of Black and White Horſes, not only Black and White Horſes, but Horſes of any Colour, between theſe two Extremes, may paſs, then not only Pyed and Grey Horſes, but alſo Red or Bay Horſes would paſs likewiſe, which would be abſurd, and againſt Reaſon. And this is another ſtrong Argument in Law, *Nihil, quod eſt contra rationem, eſt licitum*; for Reaſon is the Life of the Law, nay, the Common Law is nothing but Reaſon; which is to be underſtood of artificial Perfection and Reaſon gotten by long Study, and not of Man's natural Reaſon; for *nemo naſcitur Artifex*, and Legal Reaſon *eſt ſumma ratio*; and therefore if all the Reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make ſuch a Law as the Law of England; becauſe by many Succeſſions of Ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; ſo that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem.*

As therefore pyed Horſes do not come within the Intendment of the Bequeſt, ſo neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A pyed

A pyed Horſe is not a white Horſe, neither is a pyed a black Horſe; how then can pyed Horſes come under the Words of black and white Horſes?

Beſides, where Cuſtom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, in all Deviſes, Feofments, and Grants, that certain Name ſhall be made uſe of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Deſcriptions ſhall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Juſtice.

Le reſte del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui diſturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in Arreſt of Judgment, that the pyed Horſes were Mares; and thereupon an Inſpection was prayed.

Et ſur ceo le Court adviſare vult.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.[m]

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatiſe conſiſted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might juſtly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to Himſelf:* But, as it can be of very little to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort Abſtract of it, as a Taſte of the *true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.*

IN the Name of the Lord. *Amen.* I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Pariſh, writeth this Hiſtory.

Ever

[m] It was impoſſible but that ſuch a hiſtory as Burnet's, which theſe Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events, ſo near the time of their tranſaction, ſhould be variouſly repreſented by the violent parties that have agitated and diſgraced this country; though theſe parties ariſe from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this Prelate's Hiſtory of his own Time was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories as praiſed and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a Perſecutor and a Benefactor, he was accuſed of partiality, injuſtice, malignity, flattery, and falſehood. Bevil Higgens, and Lord Lanſdown, and others, wrote remarks on him; as did the great Lord Peterborough, whoſe animadverſions, as his amanuenſis, a Mr. Holloway, aſſured me, were very ſevere; they were never publiſhed. As Burnet was much truſted and conſulted by King William, and had a great ſhare in bringing about the Revolution, his Narrations, it muſt be owned, have a ſtrong tincture of ſelf-importance and egotiſm. Theſe two qualities are chiefly expoſed in theſe Memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Pariſh-clerk; and to that end it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the pariſh-clerks of this Land; ſuch I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſquire *Bret*, did add one Bell to the ring of this Pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, "That one and the ſame day did give to this "our Church, two rare gifts, its great Bell and its "Clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that Black letter in which

rymple have taken occaſion to cenſure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openneſs and frankneſs of nature, of much courteſy and benevolence, indefatigable in his ſtudies, and in performing conſtantly the duties of his ſtation. His character is finely drawn by the Marquis of Halifax; one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of ſplendor, but of all unneceſſary plenty; his degrading himſelf to the loweſt and moſt painful duties of his calling; are ſuch unprelatical qualities, that let him be never ſo orthodox in other things, in theſe he muſt be a Diſſenter." Few perſons or prelates would have had the boldneſs and honeſty to write ſuch a remonſtrance to Charles II. on his diſſolute life and manners, as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may eaſily gueſs what the ſycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate maſter, ſaid and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter.

which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as, *The Lady and Death*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *Chevy Chace*; and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the pſalm next after Maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who (it muſt be confeſſed to the Glory of God) was a moſt excellent Pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to Ringing; inſomuch, that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſet of Bells in the whole country: Neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an Hat that was edged with ſilver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a ſecond time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, Tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled there-

therefrom. But I adminiſtered to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "What man is there, howſoever "dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantaſies: Thus was I led into ſin by the comelineſs of Suſanna Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame; for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye, and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the Juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our Curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the ſabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the Miniſter (who had long looked on Suſanna as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good Maſter William Harris.

Here ends the firſt chapter; after which follow fifty or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Suſanna his preſent Wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which

which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou may'ſt conceive, O Reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the Prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quiver for fear! And when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the Miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt before men of high "worſhip, the wiſe Mr. Juſtice Freeman, the grave "Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, the good Lady Jones, and the "two virtuous Gentlewomen her daughters, nay the "great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, "and my young Maſter the Eſquire, who ſhall one "day be Lord of this Manor:" Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuſes which had crept into the Church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good

good widow Howard, a ſober Dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munced at Church. But verily it pity'd me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fifthly and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender, (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water) and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring Clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the Miniſter in cleaner linen:

Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his uſual occupations as a handycraftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make, (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of Dogs; but to bleed ventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion,

there

there paſſed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearſed: How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the Prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſhball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her Spaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: He was called Toby that is to ſay, Tobias. And 3dly, I was entruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the Pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit, for it muſt be owned when he ſpeaks as a Shoemaker he is very abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the Bulls of Baſan, of Simon the* Tanner, etc. *and takes up four or five pages to prove, that, when the Apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

The next chapter relates how he diſcovered a Thief with a Bible and key, and experimented verſes of the Pſalms that had cured Agues.

I paſs

I paſs over many others which inform us of pariſh affairs only, ſuch as of the Succeſſion of Curates; *a liſt of the* weekly Texts; *what* Pſalms *he choſe on proper occaſions; and what Children were* born *and* bury'd: *The laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of Baſtards; neither will I name the Mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh: Even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: Let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the Church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long expected Time arrived, when the Pſalms of King David ſhould be hymned unto the ſame tunes to which he played them upon his harp; (ſo was I informed by my ſinging-maſter, a man right cunning in Pſalmody:) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the Sol-fa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his Majeſty's Chapel. We had London Singing-maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto Exciſemen; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow-

par-

pariſhioners in this new manner of Worſhip. What though they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril, as a Sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy pariſh-clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltery; and the Church on the Sunday was filled with theſe new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full ſeventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Law-ſuits *of the Parſon and his Pariſhioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earneſt deſire that the* hiſtory might be completed by any of his ſucceſſors, in whoſe times theſe ſuits ſhould be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the ſums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine ſeveral times, 2s. and 7d$\frac{3}{4}$. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. od.$\frac{1}{2}$. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, etc.

In the next he laments the diſuſe of Wedding-ſermons, and celebrates the benefit ariſing from thoſe at Funerals, concluding with theſe words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceaſed grudge the ſmall expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten ſhillings, for the ſatisfaction they are ſure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or boſom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but after great encomiums concludes, that, notwithſtanding all, ſhe was an unprofitable veſſel, being a barren woman, and never once having furniſhed God's church with a chriſtening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much ſtaggered in his belief, and diſturbed in his conſcience, by an Oxford ſcholar, who had proved to him by logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal ſouls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if ſo, they might be allowed chriſtian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the pariſh.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with Vanity. We are told, how he was conſtantly admitted to all the feaſts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pariſh. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the merits of which he takes entirely himſelf. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the uſe of Texts. Let a preacher (ſaith he) conſider the aſſembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iii[d] and 11th affordeth good matter for Courtiers and court-ſerving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and ſay, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the firſt Miniſter to appoint

appoint a preacher before the Houſe of Commons [n], would not he be wiſe to make choice of theſe words? *Give, and it ſhall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Miniſtry be not blamed*, 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praiſing the warm zeal of an Adminiſtration, *Who maketh his Miniſters a flaming fire*, Pſalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the ſtyle of the book riſes extremely. Before the next chapter was paſted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, *and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with Politicks.*

We are now (ſays he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel [o]. I had ever the intereſt of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any ſeaſon mingle myſelf in the Societies of Fanaticks, whom

[n] This application of texts is equal in humour to what is ſaid on the ſame ſubject in Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy; a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift. It was unfortunate for Dr. Sheridan that, with his uſual abſence of mind, he choſe for his text, to a ſermon on the acceſſion of George I. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" little imagining any offence could be taken.

[o] Bolingbroke, ſpeaking of Sacheverel, in his Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole, ſays, "You had a Sermon to condemn, and a Parſon to roaſt; for that I think was the decent language of the time; and, to carry on the allegory, you roaſted him at ſo fierce a fire, that you burnt yourſelves; your arguments being confined to the propoſitions this Preacher had advanced, you may ſeem rather to have juſtified reſiſtance, or the means employed to bring about the Revolution, than the Revolution itſelf."

whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf that much profit might accrue unto our Pariſh, and even unto the Nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did inſtitute a weekly Aſſembly of divers worthy men at the Roſe and Crown Alehouſe, over whom myſelf (though unworthy) did preſide. Yea, I did read unto them the Poſt-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves. Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late Exciſe-man; Thomas White, Wheel-wright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed an horſe of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of Speech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle, by the Mother's ſide, had, formerly, been ſervitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace, the Miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Miniſters at the Viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the Miniſters at London, ſo that even the Biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, ſpake of the ſame to other Members of Parliament; who ſpake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a ſudden, from his own Life, to a Hiſtory of all the publick Tranſactions of Europe, compiled from the Newſpapers of thoſe times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at laſt (to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment) that all the Meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been uſually attributed to the E— of O—, D— of O—, Lords H— and B—, and other great men; do here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, to P. P.*

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the Country on purpoſe;

but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, *who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all he could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for* ſwallowing Loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white Cur with one Ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O Reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this Stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never ſpareth none.

OF THE

POET LAUREATE.

November 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give ſome account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently uſed at that Solemnity, and only diſcontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. Theſe we have extracted from an hiſtorian of undoubted credit, a reverend biſhop, the learned Paulus Jovius[p]; and are

[p] A much more entertaining account may be drawn from a diſcourſe and reſearch into the hiſtory of Poets-Laureate, of M. L'Abbé Reſnel, the ſame who tranſlated the Eſſay on Man, inſerted in the 15th vol. of the Memoirs of the French Academy, p. 234. He obſerves, from a paſſage in Villani, that Dante ſeems to have been the firſt modern poet that received this honour, who, in 1325, was interred with great ceremony and pomp, and in the habit of a poet, in Habito di Poeta, which Habito he thinks was the laurel-crown. The next he mentions is Albertino Muſſato, a native of Padua, who, many years before Petrarch, for he died in exile 1329, wrote Latin Poetry with elegance, and produced an Heroic Poem on the Siege of Padua, many Eclogues and Elegies, and above all two Latin Tragedies, entitled Eccerenis & Achilles, in the ſtyle and manner of Seneca; the very firſt regular dramas that are to be found ſince the barbarous ages. Petrarch was the next Poet that received the laurel-crown. His joy on the occaſion, his journey from Vaucluſe, and voyage to Naples, to viſit Robert,

are the ſame that were practiſed under the pontificate of Leo X. the great reſtorer of learning.

As

king of Naples, his reception by that learned Prince, who himſelf accompanied him to Virgil's tomb, his converſations with him on many ſubjects of literature, his prevailing on the King to permit him to receive this honour at Rome, and not at Naples; all theſe circumſtances are minutely related at the end of the firſt volume of that moſt entertaining work, the Memoirs of Petrarch, by Abbé Sade, and in the beginning of the ſecond. The ceremony was performed in April 1341, in the capitol of Rome, amidſt a vaſt concourſe of applauding ſpectators. See particularly page 2 and 3. After the ceremony Petrarch recited a Sonnet on the Heroes of Rome, which is not to be found in his works. Philelphus came next, who had the laurel conferred on him, though he was more of an Orator and Grammarian than a Poet, by Alphonſus, king of Naples, 1453. Fauſtus Andrelini was the next, a favourite of Louis XII. and Francis I. to whoſe courts he went from Italy. Neither Triſſino nor Arioſto deſired nor received this honour; which, after all his misfortunes, the great Torquato Taſſo was to obtain from the hands of Cardinal Aldobrandini, but died the evening before the day appointed for his coronation. Querno, the only Italian Poet here ſpoken of by Pope, and ſaid falſely to be the firſt of the Laureates, was a low and impious Buffoon, and a ſcandal to the court of Leo the Xth. Though Pope Urban the VIIIth, himſelf an elegant Latin Poet, patronized and rewarded Chiabrera, a fine and ſpirited Lyric Poet, yet he gave him not the laurel, which Bernardini Perfetti was the laſt who received, 1725. Reſnel proceeds to give a ſhort, and indeed imperfect account of the Poets Laureat of Germany, Spain, and England, though to none of them was the laurel given with thoſe ceremonies before mentioned. Gibbon, the Hiſtorian, vol. vi. p. 569, writing in the year 1786, has aſſigned, in the form of a very elegant and well-turned compliment to his preſent Majeſty, and to the then Poet Laureate, a reaſon why the Birth-day Odes might be laid aſide. " The Laureates of our own country have ever been," as Falſtaff ſays, " the occaſion of wit in other men." But never of more wit than was thrown away on the laſt mentioned, Mr. Thomas Warton, who, of all men, felt the leaſt, and leaſt deſerved to feel, the

force

As we now ſee an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wiſh a reſtoration of all its *honours* to *poeſy*; the rather, ſince there are ſo many parallel circumſtances in the *perſon* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I ſhall tranſlate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the Character of the poet himſelf, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, (whether a *ſhepherd* or *threſher*, is not material.) "This man "(ſays Jovius) excited by the fame of the great en- "couragement given to poets at court, and the high "honour in which they were held, came to the city, "bringing with him a ſtrange kind of lyre in his "hand, and at leaſt ſome *twenty thouſand of verſes*. "All the wits and critics of the court flocked about "him, delighted to ſee a *clown*, with a ruddy, hale "complexion, and in his own long hair, ſo top-full of "poetry; and at the firſt ſight of him all agreed he "was born to be *Poet Laureate* [q]. He had a moſt "hearty

force of the Probationary Odes, written on his appointment to this office, and who always heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded the exquiſite wit and humour that appeared in many of thoſe original Satires. But I beg to add, that not one of theſe ingenious Laughers could have produced ſuch pieces of true poetry as the Cruſade, The Grave of King Arthur, The Suicide, and Ode on the Approach of Summer, by this very Laureate.

[q] Apulus praepingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus feſta laurea videretur. W.

" hearty welcome in an *iſland* of the river Tiber (an " agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond) where " he was firſt made to *eat* and *drink plentifully*, and to " *repeat his verſes to every body*. Then they adorned " him with a new and elegant garland, compoſed of " *vine leaves*, *laurel*, and *braſſica*, (a ſort of cabbage) " ſo compoſed, ſays my author, emblematically, *Ut* " *tam ſales quam lepide ejus temulentia, braſſicae re-* " *medio cohibenda, notaretur*. He was then ſaluted " by common conſent with the title of *archi-poeta*, or " *arch poet*, in the ſtyle of thoſe days, in our's, *Poet* " *Laureate*. This honour the poor man received " with the moſt ſenſible demonſtrations of joy, his " eyes drunk with tears and gladneſs[r], Next, the " public acclamation was expreſſed in a *canticle*, " which is tranſmitted to us, as follows;

Salve, braſſicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, through the ſhouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The hiſtorian tells us further, " That at his intro- " duction to Leo, he not only poured forth " verſes innumerable, like a torrent, but alſo *ſung* " them

[r] Manantibus prae gaudio oculis. W.

" them with *open mouth*. Nor was he only *once* intro-
" duced, or on *ſtated* days (like our Laureates), but
" made a *companion* to his *maſter*, and entertained as
" one of the inſtruments of his *moſt elegant pleaſures*.
" When the prince was at table, the poet had his place
" at the window. When the prince had [a] half eaten
" his meat, he gave with his own hands the reſt to
" the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the
" prince's own flaggon, inſomuch (ſays the hiſtorian)
" that through ſo great good eating and drinking, he
" contracted a moſt terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curioſity unſatisfied in the cataſtrophe of this extraordinary man. To uſe my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatiſque poetis, etc.* " When Leo died, and poets were no
" more," (for I would not underſtand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligatæ*) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppreſſed with *old age* and *want*, he miſerably periſhed in a *common hoſpital*.

We ſee from this ſad concluſion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a ſurer ſupport than the *temporary*, or at beſt, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtleſs for this conſideration, that when the Royal

[a] Semeſis opſoniis. W.

Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *ſettle it upon him for life.* And it hath been the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the ſtation of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been choſen, tho' never ſo much greater Genius's might ariſe in his time. A noble inſtance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame.*

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureate. In the firſt place the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as eſſential to the honour, as the *butt of ſack* to the ſalary.

Secondly, the *braſſica* muſt be made uſe of as a qualifier of the former. It ſeems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenneſs*; a power the French now aſcribe to the onion, and ſtyle a ſoup made of it, *ſoupe d'Yvrogne.* I would recommend a large mixture of the *braſſica*, if Mr. Dennis be choſen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not ſo neceſſary, unleſs the cabbage be ſuppoſed to ſignify the ſame thing with reſpect to *poets* as to *taylors*, viz. *ſtealing.* I ſhould judge it not amiſs to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy*: Not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling.*

In the next place, a *canticle* muſt be compoſed and ſung in laud and praiſe of the new Poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can

write

write this but himſelf: And no man, I am ſure, can *ſing* it ſo affectingly. But what this canticle ſhould be, either in his or the other candidate's caſe, I ſhall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *public ſhow*, or *entry* of the poet: To ſettle the order or proceſſion of which, Mr. Anſtis and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: One, of procuring an *elephant*; the other of teaching the poet to ride him: Therefore I ſhould imagine the next animal in ſize or dignity would do beſt; either a *mule* or a large *aſs*; particularly if that noble one could be had, whoſe portraiture makes ſo great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unleſs I am miſinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—Unleſs Mr. CIBBER be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he chooſe the water, upon one of his own *ſwans* from *Caeſar in Egypt*.

We have ſpoken ſufficiently of the *ceremony*; let us now ſpeak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureate. Firſt, we ſee he muſt be able to make verſes *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *ſing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore:* Here, I confeſs the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumberſome, a ſmall one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very

very much a grace to the perſon. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *ſtomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny conſtitution can diſcharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here ſo happy: But rather a ſtanch, vigorous, ſeaſoned, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could alſo wiſh at this juncture, ſuch a perſon as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry*; no joker, or trifler; but a bard in *good earneſt*; nay, not amiſs if a critic, and the better if a *little obſtinate*. For when we conſider what great privileges have been loſt from this office (as we ſee from the forecited authentick record of Jovius) namely thoſe of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flaggon*, becoming even his *domeſtick* and *companion*; it requires a man warm and reſolute, to be able to claim and obtain the reſtoring of theſe high honours. I have cauſe to fear, moſt of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of miniſters, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *ſerious* and *ſteddy* aſſertion of theſe privileges may be expected; and, if there be ſuch a one, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, it is Mr. DENNIS the worthy preſident of our ſociety.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS,

CONCERNING

The ſtrange and deplorable Frenzy of Mr. JOHN DENNIS, an Officer of the Cuſtom-houſe.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIII.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS[t].

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is ſo dear to an honeſt man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the juſt vindication of his character, when it is injuriouſly attacked by any man. The perſon I have at preſent cauſe to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumſtances, it having pleaſed God to deprive him of his ſenſes, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I ſhould be wanting in my duty, not only to myſelf, but alſo to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, ſhould I ſuffer my profeſſion or honeſty to be undeſervedly aſperſed. I have therefore reſolved to give the public an account of all that has paſt between the unhappy gentleman and myſelf.

On

[t] Addiſon highly diſapproved of this bitter ſatire on Dennis, and Pope was not a little chagrined at this diſapprobation; for the narrative was intended to court the favor of Addiſon, by defending his Cato: in which ſeeming defence Addiſon was far from thinking our author ſincere.

On the 20th inſtant, while I was in my cloſet, pondering the caſe of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my aſſiſtance her maſter would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her ſorrow, by enquiring her maſter's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the cuſtom-houſe, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy laſt April, and had continued in thoſe melancholy circumſtances with few or no intervals. Upon this I aſked her ſome queſtions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cauſe of his diſtemper was found out. Alas! ſir, *ſays ſhe*, this day fortnight in the morning, a poor ſimple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no ſooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come*. He often ſtares ghaſtfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or ſome ſuch thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch*, and my poor maſter is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him ſay Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my maſter's underſtanding and great ſcholarſhip, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, ſhould talk ſo outrageouſly. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horſe-ſhoe, which is at this time nailed on the threſhold

threſhold of his door; but I don't find my maſter is at all the better for it; he perpetually ſtarts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a meſſenger from the French King! I ſhall die in the Baſtile.*

Having ſaid this, the old woman preſented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot.* I therefore inſtantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-croſs, up *three pair of* ſtairs, (which I ſhould not have publiſhed in this manner, but that this lunatic *conceals* the place of his reſidence, on purpoſe to prevent the good offices of thoſe charitable *friends* and *phyſicians*, who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman ſeated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookſeller, on the one ſide of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have ſince learned, calls himſelf a *grammarian*; the latitude of whoſe countenance was not a little eclipſed by the fulneſs of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale viſage, and hang my cloaths on ſomewhat ſlovenly, I no ſooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "*S'death, a Frenchman!* I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the Queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty,

and leaſt of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conſpiracy againſt me?"——Sir, *ſaid I*, here is neither plot nor conſpiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your ſenſes requires my attendance, and your friends ſent for me on no other account. I then took a particular ſurvey of his perſon, and the furniture and diſpoſition of his apartment. His aſpect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered ſome matter of importance, but the ſound ſeemed loſt inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not ſuffer to be ſhaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the firſt opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was ſpoken, inſomuch that he ſeemed not to have ſmoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with ſweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his ſtockings fell down to his ancles.

I obſerved his room was hung with *old tapeſtry*, which had ſeveral holes in it, cauſed, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceneſs of whoſe viſages had much provoked him. On all ſides of his room were

were pinned a great many ſheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *abſurd*, *monſtrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in ſuch large characters, that I could read them without my ſpectacles. By the fire-ſide lay three farthings worth of ſmall coal in a ſpectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the ſame title, which his nurſe informed me ſhe had conveyed thither out of his ſight, believing they were books of the black art; for her maſter never read in them, but he was either quite *moped*, or in *raving fits*. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except ſome books on his ſhelves, very well bound and gilded, whoſe names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where elſe to be found; ſuch as *Gibraltar, a comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *The grounds of criticiſm in poetry*; *An eſſay on public ſpirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradiſe Loſt*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuſcripts, as thick as a paſtry-cook's ſhop on a Chriſtmas eve. On his table were ſome ends of verſe and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was caſting mine eyes round on all this odd furniture with ſome earneſtneſs and aſtoniſhment, and in a profound ſilence, I was on a ſudden ſurprized to hear the man ſpeak in the following manner.

" Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predeceſſor the famous Hippocrates, whom the miſtaken citizens of Abdera ſent for in this very manner to cure the philoſopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wiſdom of that perſon, whom he had ſuppoſed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Ariſtotle himſelf, and all the great antients, ſpent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticiſm, and beſet all around with their own writings. As for me, whom you ſee in the ſame manner, be aſſured I have none other diſeaſe than a ſwelling in my legs, whereof I ſay no more, ſince your art may further ſatisfy you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his caſe had been miſrepreſented, and that he was not ſo far gone, but ſome timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the anſwers made to me, I ſhall ſet down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were ſpoken, becauſe I would not omit the leaſt circumſtance in this narrative; and I call my conſcience to witneſs, as if upon oath, that I ſhall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Denn. By a criticiſm.

Dr. A criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I never heard of.

Denn. S'death, Sir, a diſtemper! It is no diſtemper, but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen hours a day

a day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato [u].

Old Wom. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs: alas! poor maſter is juſt falling into his fits.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z— what fits! A man may well have ſwelling in his legs, that ſits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Dr. The *Remarks!* what are thoſe?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever publiſhed my advertiſements.

Mr. Lintot. Z—! I publiſhed advertiſement upon advertiſement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear thoſe are the fuel that feed the *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this diſcourſe.

I deſire

[u] Remarks upon Cato, publiſhed by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

I deſire a word in private with this other gentleman, who ſeems a grave and ſenſible man: I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary?

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved, ſince he has been under your care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage of Celſus, which ſays, if the patient on the third day have an interval, ſuſpend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternutation by hellibore?

Gent. Sir, no ſuch matter, you utterly miſtake.

Dr. Miſtake: am I not a phyſician? and ſhall an apothecary diſpute my *noſtrums?* You may perhaps have filled up a preſcription or two of *Ratcliff's*, which chanced to ſucceed, and with that very preſcription, injudiciouſly preſcribed to different conſtitutions, have deſtroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus ſolus preſcribat.* Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a baſe mechanic! He who, like myſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry! Can you think I would ſubmit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public ſpirit*, nay, aſſiſted me in my

my deſcription of the *furies, and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you miſtake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, and no man's elſe.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Muſt our reputation be loſt to all foreign countries! O deſtruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera* [x]*!* As poetry once raiſed cities, ſo when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no miſchief.

Denn. O I am ſick, ſick to death!

Dr. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſay the modern phyſicians) is an excellent ſymptom. When a patient is ſenſible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am ſick of the *ſentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protaſis*, of the *epitaſis*, and the *cataſtrophe*.—Alas! what is become of the *drama*, the *drama?*

Old Wom. The *dram*, Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up all the *gin* juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently.

Denn.

[x] He wrote a treatiſe proving the decay of public ſpirit to proceed from Italian operas.

Denn. O ſhameful want, ſcandalous omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit encreaſes; good Mr. Lintot hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the devil would buy the *Remarks?* (*Here Mr. Lintot ſcratched his head.*)

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold bath to-morrow ——Mr. Lintot, you are a ſenſible man; pray ſend for Mr. Verdier's ſervant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this evening, whilſt he is cupped on the head. The ſymptoms of his madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for Avicen ſays, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs, ſtand off, unhand me, miſcreants! Is the man, whoſe whole endeavours are to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one aſſert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foiſted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus

ginus in my right-hand, and Ariſtotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated? and ſhall a book-ſeller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his ſupport?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I muſt not ſee my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myſelf: I am alſo of the ſame opinion as to the *peripætia*——Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I ſhould conceive you to be a graduate phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of *perſon*, I am loath to ſay *quack*, who, rather than his drugs ſhould lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, ſound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe proceedings.

THESE were all the words that paſſed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary we ſhould make uſe of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whiſpered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glaſſes; in the mean time, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a cloſet, who, it is plain from his laſt ſpeech, was likewiſe touched in his intellects; after which we bound

bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedſtead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender expreſſions we could uſe to perſuade him to ſubmit to the operation, till the ſervant of Verdier arrived. He had no ſooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glaſſes on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned burſting open the cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt folio, which ſorely bruiſed the ſhin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis alſo, ſtarting up with cupping-glaſſes on his head, ſeized another folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the ſcull, juſt above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's ſervant is ready to atteſt upon oath, who, taking an exact ſurvey of the volumes, found that which wounded my hand, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. Lintot's ſhin, was Scaliger's *Poetices*. After this Mr. John Dennis, ſtrengthened at once by rage and madneſs, ſnatched up a peruke-block, that ſtood by the bedſide, and wielded it round in ſo furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glaſſes from the crown of his head, ſo that much blood trickled down his viſage.——He looked ſo ghaſtly, and his paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious height, that myſelf, Mr. Lintot, and Verdier's ſervant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſſed, and laid hold of that opportunity

of

of entering into diſcourſe with him about the madneſs of this perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his ſhop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt provocation, tear out that of No— where the author treats of poetical juſtice, and caſt it into the ſtreet. That the ſaid Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the ſaid Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an *Eſſay on criticiſm*, juſt then publiſhed, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to theſe two lines,

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt,

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, *By G—d he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakeſpear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he ſwore the ſaid Shakeſpear was a *raſcal*, with other defamatory expreſſions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the ſaid Shakeſpear.

That, about two months ſince, he came again into the ſhop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious looks on a gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome information concerning that perſon. He was

no

no ſooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his firſt piece was to be publiſhed in a few days, but he drew his ſword upon him; and had not my ſervant luckily catched him by the ſleeve, I might have loſt one author upon the ſpot, and another the next ſeſſions.

Upon recollecting all theſe circumſtances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for ſome time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative muſt ſufficiently convince the world of the exceſs of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reaſons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publiſh this whole unfortunate tranſaction.

In the firſt place, Mr. John Dennis had induſtriouſly cauſed to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a deſign to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the ſtage theſe four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-ſtreet and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookſeller, who viſited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuſcripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate phyſician, and that he had ſeen me upon a mountebank ſtage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Cuſtom-houſe,

houſe, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign ſpy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burſt from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Baſtile.

All which ſeveral aſſertions of his are ſo very extravagant, as well as inconſiſtent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this perſon be not out of his ſenſes. I ſhall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter ſo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reſtore him to the full enjoyment of his underſtanding: ſo wiſheth, as becometh a Chriſtian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my houſe in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God ſave the Queen.

A full and true ACCOUNT of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE BY POISON, on the body of MR. EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

With a faithful copy of his Laſt Will and Teſtament.

HISTORY furniſheth us with examples of many ſatirical *authors* who have fallen ſacrifices to revenge, but not of any *bookſellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate ſubject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet, who was yeſterday poiſoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an inſtance of the mild temper of the Britiſh nation.

Every body knows, that the ſaid Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th inſtant, publiſhed a ſatirical piece, intitled, *Court-poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Gay; by which indiſcreet method, though he had eſcaped one revenge, there were ſtill two behind in reſerve.

Now, on the Wedneſday enſuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookſeller, deſired a conference with Mr. Curll, about ſettling a *title-page*, inviting him at the ſame time to take a *whet* together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only inſtance how perſons of bright parts may be car-

ried away by the inſtigation of the devil, found means to convey himſelf into the ſame room, under pretence of buſineſs with Mr. Lintot, who, it ſeems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a ſeeming coolneſs, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully aſcribing to him the aforeſaid poems: he excuſed himſelf by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the preſs, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glaſs of ſack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor, in colour and taſte, differed not from common ſack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy ſtationer felt ſoon after, that ſome poiſonous drug had been ſecretly infuſed therein.

About eleven a-clock he went home, where his wife obſerving his colour changed, ſaid, "Are you not ſick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody ſick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and ſtraining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as graſs. His wife had been juſt reading a book of her huſband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind miſgave her, that he was *bewitched*; but he ſoon let her know, that he ſuſpected poiſon, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumſtance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the ſudden alteration he obſerved in him: "Brother Curll, *ſays he*, I fear you have got the vomiting diſtemper; which, I have heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and abſtain from ſack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's ſack, I fear, has done my buſineſs." "Z—ds, *ſays Mr. Lintot*, my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithſtanding which rough remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly manner preſs him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he choſe to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the ſymptoms increaſed violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot, *ſays he*, I perceive my laſt hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may ſettle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was haſtening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner, "If I ſurvive this, I will be revenged on Tonſon; it was he firſt detected me as the printer of theſe poems, and I will reprint theſe very poems in his name." His wife admoniſhed him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his ſtock and his ſoul; and in the ſame inſtant Mr. Lintot, whoſe goodneſs can never be enough applauded, returned

with Mr. Pemberton. After ſome tears jointly ſhed by theſe humane bookſellers, Mr. Curll being, as he ſaid, in his perfect ſenſes, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll, having firſt put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the firſt place, I do ſincerely pray forgiveneſs for thoſe indirect methods I have purſued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never ſaw, publiſhing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honeſt livelihood.

I do alſo heartily beg pardon of all perſons of honour, lords ſpiritual and temporal, gentry, burgeſſes, and commonalty, to whoſe abuſe I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be conſidered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewiſe aſperſed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abuſed the Honourable Mr. Walpole, I have alſo libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: ſo that I have preſerved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honeſt man* in times of faction and diviſion.

I call my conſcience to witneſs, that many of theſe things, which may ſeem malicious, were done out of *charity*; I having made it wholly my buſineſs to print for poor diſconſolate authors, whom all other book-

ſellers

ſellers refuſe. Only God bleſs Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no *copy-money*.

The ſecond collection of poems, which I groundleſsly called Mr. Prior's, will ſell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertiſements, which I was obliged to publiſh *againſt him*: therefore you may as well ſuppreſs the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Chriſtian.

The French Cato, with the criticiſm ſhewing how ſuperior it is to Mr. Addiſon's, (which I wickedly aſcribed to Madam Dacier), may be ſuppreſſed at a reaſonable rate, being damnably tranſlated.

I proteſt I have no animoſity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Gallipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearſal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honeſt man, I paid him double for abuſing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publiſhing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Eſſays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt, (which is near the whole impreſſion, preſents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the ſole property of the copy of Madam Maſcranny.

[*Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means conſent to this article; about which ſome diſpute*

might have ariſen unbecoming a dying perſon, if Mr. Lintot had not interpoſed, and Mr. Curll vomited.]

What this poor unfortunate man ſpoke afterwards, was ſo indiſtinct, and in ſuch broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings), that the reader is intreated to excuſe the confuſion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publiſhing Rocheſter's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwiſe be my beſt legacy to my dear wife, and helpleſs child.

The caſe of impotence was my beſt ſupport all the laſt long vacation.

[*In this laſt paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he ſpoke what follows from his cloſe-ſtool.*]

For the copies of noblemens and biſhops *laſt wills and teſtaments*, I ſolemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpoſe of defamation; but merely as I thought thoſe copies lawfully purchaſed from *Doctors Commons*, at *one ſhilling* apiece. Our trade in wills turning to ſmall account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's *Life*, I aſk Mrs. Oldfield's pardon: neither *his* nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of ſervice to their country, were of any to me: but I was reſolved, ſince I could not print

print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was ſpeaking theſe words, Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon, *ſaid poor Mr. Curll*, to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in theſe my laſt moments I will be juſt to all men; you ſhall have your third ſhare of the *Court-poems*, as was ſtipulated. When I am dead, where will you find *another bookſeller?* Your *Proteſtant packet* might have ſupported you, had you writ a little leſs ſcurrilouſly; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. *Why not find another bookſeller, brother Curll?* and then took Mr. Oldmixon aſide and whiſpered him: "Sir, as ſoon as Curll is dead, I ſhall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had ſeveral *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatiſes to be wrote to them; and earneſtly deſired, that when they were written, his heirs might have ſome ſhare of the profit of them.

After he had ſaid this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot adviſed him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He deſired his wife to ſtep into the ſhop for a *Common-prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without heſitation. He cloſed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty ſhillings to the poor of the pariſh

of St. Dunſtan's, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentleman-authors, with ſome ſmall gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for ſome hours with all his diſconſolate family about him in tears, expecting his final diſſolution; when of a ſudden he was ſurpriſingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid ſtool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithſtanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poiſon is ſtill latent in his body, and will infalliby deſtroy him by ſlow degrees in leſs than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched ſtationer will not further purſue their revenge, or ſhorten this ſhort period of his miſerable life.

A further ACCOUNT of the moſt DEPLORABLE CONDITION of MR. EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's impoiſonment by a faithful, though unpolite hiſtorian of Grub-ſtreet. I am but the continuer of his hiſtory; yet I hope a due diſtinction will be made between an undignified ſcribbler of a ſheet and half, and the author of a three-penny ſtitched book, like myſelf.

"Wit, *ſaith Sir Richard Blackmore*[a], proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal ſpirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles riſe with the vital liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational part of the ſoul, which we commonly call *madneſs*. The verity of this hypotheſis is juſtified by the ſymptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. Edmund Curll, bookſeller, hath been afflicted, ever ſince his ſwallowing the poiſon at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-ſtreet. For though the *neck* of his *retort*, which carries up the animal ſpirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the ſaid animal ſpirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with

[a] Blackmore's Eſſays, vol. i.

with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poiſon.

The ſymptoms of his departure from his uſual temper of mind were at firſt only *ſpeaking civilly to his cuſtomers, ſinging a pig with a new purchaſed libel,* and *refuſing two and nine-pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Eſſays.*

As the poor man's frenzy increaſed, he began to *void his excrements in his bed, read Rocheſter's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a ſlap on the chops, and would have kiſſed Mr. Pemberton's a—— by violence.*

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he would *dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyſter for a whipt ſyllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a ſuppoſitory, for a radiſh, with bread and butter.*

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at firſt ſhe privately put a *bill* into ſeveral churches, deſiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched ſtationer* diſtempered in mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, ſhe writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

" WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

" YOU and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy with which my poor man is viſited. I never

never perceived he was out of himſelf, till that melancholy day that he thought he was poiſoned in a glaſs of ſack; upon this he ran a-vomiting all over the houſe, nay, in the new-waſhed dining room. Alas! this is the greateſt adverſity that ever befel my poor man, ſince he loſt *one teſticle* at ſchool by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he ſhould die, where ſhould I diſpoſe of the *ſtock?* unleſs Mr. Pemberton or you would help a diſtreſſed widow; for God knows, he never publiſhed any books that laſted above a week, ſo that if he wanted *daily books*, we wanted *daily bread.* I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's *ivory-headed cane* upon the counter.——Pray recommend me to your *paſtry-cook*, who furniſhes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has diſobliged ours, ſince his fits came upon him;—before that we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but juſt time to put his *ſon* out of the way for fear of miſchief: ſo wiſhing you a merry Eaſter, I remain

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. CURLL."

"P. S. As to the report of my poor huſband's ſtealing o'*calf*, it is really groundleſs, for he always binds in *ſheep*."

But

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wedneſday continued outrageouſly mad. On Thurſday he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to ſend a general ſummons to all *his authors*. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's ſhop to be peruſed by the curious.

Inſtructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's Authors.

" At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half-way under the blind arch, aſk for the *hiſtorian*.

" At the Bedſtead and Bolſter, a muſic-houſe in Moorfields, two tranſlators in a bed together.

" At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a ſchoolmaſter with carbuncles on his noſe.

" At a blackſmith's ſhop in the Friars, a Pindaric writer in red ſtockings.

" In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, a compoſer of meditations.

" At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parſon, he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black: my beſt writer againſt *revealed religion*.

" At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's lane, the man that wrote againſt the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

" At the Farthing pye-houſe in Totting-fields, the young man who is writing my new paſtorals.

" At

" At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in the Wall in Curſitors-alley, up three pair of ſtairs, the author of my *Church-hiſtory*,——if his flux be over——You may alſo ſpeak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my *index-maker*.

" The Cook's [b] wife in Buckingham-court: bid her bring along with her the *ſimiles*, that were lent her for her next new play.

" Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you uſed to go to in the *cockloft*; I have taken away the *ladder*, but his landlady has it in keeping.

" I don't much care if you aſk at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Alley over againſt St. Andrew's Holborn. But this as you have time."

All theſe gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watched by the bailiffs.

They no ſooner entered the room, but all of them ſhewed in their behaviour ſome *ſuſpicion* of each other; ſome turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others ſquinting with a leer, that ſhewed at once *fear* and *indignation*, each with a haggard abſtracted mien, the lively picture of *ſcorn*, *ſolitude*, and *ſhort-*

[b] Mrs. Centlivre.

ſhort commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a houſe-wife ſtands before her pales, ſurrounded by her geeſe; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is ſcattered as the winter's ſnow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks ſhot through the room tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till Curll thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his cloſe-ſtool.)

"*Whores* and *authors* muſt be paid beforehand to put them in good humour; therefore here is half a crown apiece for you to drink your own healths, and confuſion to Mr. Addiſon, and all other ſucceſsful writers.

"Ah, Gentlemen! what have I not done? what have I not ſuffered, rather than the world ſhould be deprived of your lucubrations? I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I toſſed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, ſlaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, ſlandered, and beſhitten.——I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing elſe but ſtarving you, by poiſoning me. It remains for us to conſult the beſt and ſpeedieſt methods of revenge."

He

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but the hiſtorian propoſed a hiſtory of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty ſmart Pindaric, ſays the red-ſtocking poet, would effectually do his buſineſs. But the *index-maker* ſaid, there was nothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After ſeveral debates, they came to the following reſolutions.

" *Reſolved*, That every member of this ſociety, according to his ſeveral abilities, ſhall contribute ſome way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

" *Reſolved*, That towards the libelling of the ſaid Pope there be a ſum employed not exceeding ſix pounds ſixteen ſhillings and nine-pence (not including advertiſements).

" *Reſolved*, That he has on purpoſe, in ſeveral paſſages, perverted the true ancient Heathen ſenſe of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popiſh religion.

" *Reſolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles*, at this juncture, has been the occaſion of all the diſturbances of this kingdom.

" *Ordered*, That Mr. Barnevelt be invited to be a member of this ſociety, in order to make further diſcoveries.

" *Reſolved*, That a number of effective *errata's* be raiſed out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman, who ſhall ſend in one error,

error, for his encouragement ſhall have the whole works of this ſociety *gratis*.

" *Reſolved*, That a ſum not exceeding ten ſhillings and ſixpence be diſtributed among the members of this ſociety for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in *coffee-houſes*.

" *Reſolved*, That towards the further leſſening the character of the ſaid Pope, ſome perſons be deputed to abuſe him at ladies *tea-tables*, and that in conſideration our authors are not *well dreſſed* enough, Mr. C——y and Mr. Ke——l be deputed for that ſervice.

" *Reſolved*, That a *ballad* be made againſt Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixion [c], Mr. Gildon [d], and Mrs. Centlivre [e], do prepare and bring in the ſame.

" *Reſolved*, That, above all, ſome effectual ways and means be found to encreaſe the joint ſtock of the reputation of this ſociety, which at preſent is exceeding low, and to give their works the greater currency; whether by raiſing the denomination of the ſaid works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this ſociety.

" *Reſolved*,

[c] See Oldmixon's character and exploits in the Dunciad, book ii. v. 283.

[d] Of Gildon, ſee Dunciad, book i. v. 296.

[e] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, is the ſlip-ſhod ſybil in the Dunciad, book iii. v. 15.

"*Reſolved*, That no member of this ſociety for the future mix *ſtout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that Mr. B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

"*Reſolved*, That all our members (except the *cook's wife*) be provided with a ſufficient quantity of the *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *ſal volatile*.

"*Reſolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore [f] be appointed to endue this ſociety with a large quantity of *regular and exalted ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold ſentiments* (being his true receipt to make wits [g].)"

Theſe reſolutions being taken, the aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took ſo near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him ſome advice to reinſtate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly*, he ſhould get the mummy of ſome deceaſed *Moderator* of the *general aſſembly* in Scotland, to be taken inwardly, as an effectual antidote againſt *Antichriſt*; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the perſon who adminiſtered the poiſon, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While

[f] Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Eſſays, vol. ii. p. 270. accuſed Mr. Pope in very high and ſober terms, of profaneneſs and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm.

[g] See page 323.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for theſe demonſtrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Eſſays* on a ſudden fell on his head; the ſhock of which in an inſtant brought back his delirium. He immediately roſe up, overturned the cloſe-ſtoll, and beſh-t the *Eſſays* (which may probably occaſion a *ſecond edition*); then without putting up his breeches, in a moſt furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his diſtempered imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from their ſhelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now *G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos!* ungrateful varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my houſe without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *journeymen!* born in *garrets* among *lice* and *cobwebs*, nurſed up on *gray peas*, *bullocks liver*, *and porters ale?*——Was not the firſt light you ſaw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty ſheets* of brown paper?——And have not I clothed you in double *royal*, lodged you handſomely on *decent ſhelves*, laced your *backs* with *gold*, equipped you with ſplendid *titles*, and ſent you into the world with the names of *perſons of quality?* Muſt I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye wolves in ſheeps cloathing*; *rags ye were, and to rags ye ſhall return.* Why hold you forth your *texts* to

me,

me, ye paltry *ſermons?* Why cry ye,—at every word to me, ye *bawdy poems?*—To my ſhop at Tunbridge ye ſhall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the reſt of your predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the *paſſage-houſe*; for in this preſent emotion of my bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having ſaid this, and at the ſame time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfiniſhed ſheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A ſtrange but true RELATION how Mr. EDMUND CURLL, of Fleet-ſtreet, Stationer, out of an extraordinary Deſire of Lucre, went into 'Change-alley, and was converted from the Chriſtian Religion by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumciſed, and initiated into their Myſteries.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Eſſays, hath elegantly obſerved) *is an inordinate impulſe of the ſoul towards the amaſſing or heaping together a ſuperfluity of wealth, without the leaſt regard of applying it to its proper uſes.*

And how the mind of man is poſſeſſed with this vice, may be ſeen every day both in the city and ſuburbs thereof. It has been always eſteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned uſurers and ſtockjobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and eſtates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiſcence of youth is converted into the covetouſneſs of age, and thoſe appetites are now become VENAL, which ſhould be VENEREAL.

In the firſt place, let us ſhew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been

been undone and ruined by this deadly ſin of avarice.

I ſhall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pièces for the aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæſar, who fell a ſacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papiſts?

Did not Themiſtocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a ſum of money, where they barbarouſly put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addiſon hath very well obſerved), though otherwiſe a gentleman of good ſenſe, was not unſullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he ſold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *ſeſtertii*, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. *See Heſiod in his ſeventh chapter of Feaſts and Feſtivals.*

Actuated by the ſame diabolical ſpirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Conſul ſhot Alcibiades the Senator with a piſtol, and robbed him of ſeveral *bank-bills* and *chequer-notes* to an immenſe value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *Chriſtian burial.* Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern inſtance, though well known, and often quoted

by hiſtorians, *viz.* Echard, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus, Virgil, Horace, and others: It is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all theſe things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the ſiege of Damaſcus.

Who then can wonder, after ſo many great and illuſtrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the ſtationer ſhould renounce the *Chriſtian religion* for the *Mammon* of unrighteouſneſs, and barter his precious faith for the filthy proſpect of lucre in the preſent fluctuation of *ſtocks?*

It having been obſerved to Mr. Curll, by ſome of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not over-charged with any religion), what immenſe ſums the Jews had got by *bubbles*[h], &c. he immediately turned his mind from the buſineſs, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and reſolved to quit his ſhop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the ſign of the Croſs in Cornhill, they

[h] Bubble was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which ſubſcriptions were raiſed, and negotiated at vaſt premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-ſea, and not to their ſplendor, emptineſs, and inutility; for it did not become a name of reproach in this caſe, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke.

they began to tamper with him upon the moſt important points of the *Chriſtian faith*, which he for ſome time zealouſly, and *like a good Chriſtian, obſtinately* defended. They promiſed him *Paradiſe*, and many other advantages *hereafter*; but he artfully inſinuated, that he was more inclinable to liſten to *preſent* gain. They took the hint, and promiſed him, that immediately upon his converſion to their perſuaſion he ſhould become as rich as a Jew.

They made uſe likewiſe of ſeveral other arguments; to wit,

That the wiſeſt man that ever was, and inaſmuch the richeſt, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew alſo. And moſt of the children of Iſrael are ſuſpected for holding the ſame doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at firſt ſtrenuouſly denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and ſo far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Chriſtianity he called for a *pork griſking*.

They now promiſed, if he would poiſon his wife, and give up his *griſking*, that he ſhould marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made ſome impreſſion on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not underſtanding, it was obſerved, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his *godlineſs* was only *gain*, deſiſted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak ſide, namely, that of *avarice*.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apoſtles creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then ſold the *nine and thirty articles* for a *bull*[1]; but inſiſted hard upon *black puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joſhua Pereira engaged to let him ſhare with him in his *bottomrye*; upon this he was perſuaded out of his *Chriſtian name*; but he ſtill adhered to *black puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* ſubſcription in *Ram's bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *four evangeliſts*, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black pudding* and *circumciſion*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a diſpenſation.

But

[1] Bulls and bears. He who ſells that of which he is not poſſeſſed, is proverbially ſaid to ſell the ſkin before he has caught the bear. It was the practice of ſtockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. ſtock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to ſell had frequently no ſtock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in conſequence of his bargain; the ſeller was therefore called a bear, in alluſion to the proverb; and the buyer a bull, perhaps only as a ſimilar diſtinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the riſe or fall of ſtock; if it roſe, the ſeller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the ſum determined by the ſame computation to the ſeller.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforeſaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man, with a ſallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long veſtment. In his right hand he held a large pair of ſheers, and in his left a red-hot ſearing-iron. At ſight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by ſix Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful ſpectacle.

He now intreated them in the moſt moving tone of voice to diſpenſe with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which if they would conſent to, he faithfully promiſed, that he would eat a quarter of *paſchal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All theſe proteſtations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains ſhould be void unleſs he would ſubmit to bear all the *outward* and *viſible* ſigns of Judaiſm.

Our apoſtate hearing this, ſtretched himſelf upon his back, ſpread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he ſaw the high prieſt take up the *cleft ſtick*, he roared moſt unmercifully, and ſwore ſeveral Chriſtian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The ſavour of the *effluvia* that iſſued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his aſſiſtants, that he needed no preſent *purgation*; wherefore, without further *anointing* him, he proceeded in his office; when,

by

by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he loſt five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumciſed, which, by the *levitical law*, is worſe than not being circumciſed at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their contracts: wherefore they caſt him forth from their ſynagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woeful, and miſerable ſight at the ſign of the Old Teſtament and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews ſtill keep, and expoſe at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loſs, and her huſband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[*To ſave the ſtamp.*]

Keep us, we beſeech thee, from the hands of ſuch barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black puddings, *yet thirſt they vehemently after the blood of* white ones. *And that we may avoid ſuch like calamities, may all good and well-diſpoſed Chriſtians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woeful example, to abominate the hainous ſin of* avarice, *which, ſooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papiſts, Jews, and ſtockjobbers. Amen.*

A KEY TO THE LOCK:

OR

A TREATISE,

Proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIV.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.

SINCE this unhappy diviſion of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made uſe of by writers to obſcure the truth, and cover deſigns which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their cuſtom of late to vent their political ſpleen in *allegory* and *fable*. If an honeſt believing nation is to be made a jeſt of, we have a ſtory of John Bull and his wife; if a treaſurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white ſtraw* is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphoſed into a tale of Count Tariff.

But if any of theſe malevolents have a ſmall talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleaſing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poiſon under the ſweetneſs of numbers.

It is the duty of every well deſigning ſubject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill conſequences of ſuch pernicious treatiſes; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled, The RAPE of the LOCK; which I ſhall demonſtrate to be of this nature.

It

It is a common and juſt obſervation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by conſidering *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his diſpoſition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papiſt, is well known; and that a genius ſo capable of doing ſervice to that cauſe may have been corrupted in the courſe of his education by jeſuits or others, is juſtly very much to be ſuſpected; notwithſtanding that ſeeming coolneſs and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by thoſe of his own perſuaſion. They are ſenſible, that this nation is ſecured by good and wholeſome laws, to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any ſort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their deſigns the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to ſpread popiſh doctrines, yet it comes to the ſame point if he touch the government; for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is ſo firmly founded on the ſtate, that the only way to ſhake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental diſcovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popiſh friends and abetters, to hide his whole deſign upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themſelves.

Upon

Upon the day that this poem was publiſhed, it was my fortune to ſtep into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a paſſion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he ſaid, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman Catholic Knight.*

I was the ſame evening at Will's, and ſaw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and ſhewing his ſnuff box and cane to prove he was ſatirized in the ſame character. I aſked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholic Lord.*

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She alſo took up the character of Belinda with much frankneſs and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication[1], that he meant ſomething further. This Lady is alſo a *Roman Catholic.* At the ſame time others of the characters were claimed by ſome perſons in the room; and all of them *Roman Catholics.*

But to proceed to the work itſelf:

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and eſpecially thoſe that are induſtriouſly made ſo, it is not to be expected we ſhould find the

[1] "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) reſembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

the clue at firſt ſight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we ſhall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate compoſition.

Firſt then, let it be obſerved, that in the moſt demonſtrative ſciences ſome *poſtulata* are to be granted, upon which the reſt is naturally founded.

The only *poſtulatum* or conceſſion which I deſire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY [m].

I. Firſt then, I ſhall diſcover, that Belinda repreſents Great Britain, or, which is the ſame thing, her *late Majeſty*. This is plainly ſeen in his deſcription of her:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe bore:

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *croſs* which is the enſign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clariſſa, who lent the ſciſſars, my Lady Maſham.

IV. Thaleſtris, who provokes Belinda to reſent the loſs of the Lock, or Treaty, the Ducheſs of Marlborough.

V. Sir

[m] For a full account of the political tranſactions relating to this treaty, ſee The Conduct of the Allies; and Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty, vol. ii.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thaleſtris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpoſe.

There are ſome other inferior characters, which we ſhall obſerve upon afterwards; but I ſhall firſt explain the foregoing.

The firſt part of the Baron's character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprizing, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aſpires to is the treaſury, in order to which he offers a ſacrifice:

——————*an altar built*
Of twelve vaſt French *romances neatly gilt.*

Our author here takes occaſion maliciouſly to inſinuate this ſtateman's love to France; repreſenting the books he chiefly ſtudies to be vaſt French romances: theſe are the vaſt proſpects from the friendſhip and alliance of France, which he ſatirically calls romances: hinting thereby, that theſe promiſes and proteſtations were no more to be relied on than thoſe idle legends. Of theſe he is ſaid to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his ſchemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* abovementioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he ſacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy ſhow and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of

the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on ſome of his friends; and we may, without ſtraining the ſenſe, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of thoſe military employments, which he is ſaid to have ſacrificed to his deſigns. The prize, as I ſaid before, means the treaſury, which he makes his prayer *ſoon to obtain*, and *long to poſſeſs*.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

In the firſt of theſe lines he gives him the treaſury, and in the laſt ſuggeſts, that he ſhould not long poſſeſs that honour.

That Thaleſtris is the Ducheſs of Marlborough, appears both by her nearneſs to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent ſuggeſtion that ſhe is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thaleſtris cries:

But more particularly by ſeveral paſſages in her ſpeech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things ſhe ſays, *Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?* Was it for this ſo much *paper* has been ſpent to ſecure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears ſurvey;
Already hear the horrid things they ſay;
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt.

This

This deſcribes the aſperſions under which that good Princeſs ſuffered, and the repentance which muſt have followed the diſſolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refuſal ſome people made to drink her Majeſty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a ſoldier) has all the circumſtances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earneſt eyes———

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of ſnuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is ſo juſtly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the enſign of a general. His *earneſt eye*, or the vivacity of his look, is ſo particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be miſtaken for no other, had not the author purpoſely obſcured it by the fictitious circumſtances of a *round unthinking face.*

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human perſons* (for there are ſome others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the ſequel of this diſcourſe), I ſhall next take in pieces his *machinery*, wherein the ſatire is wholly confined to miniſters of ſtate.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at firſt ſight appeared to me to ſignify the two contending parties of this nation;

for theſe being placed in the *air*, and thoſe on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *high* and *low*. But as they are made to be the firſt movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they repreſent promiſcuouſly the *heads of parties*; whom he makes to be the authors of all thoſe changes in the ſtate, which are generally imputed to the levity and inſtability of the Britiſh nation.

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonſtration; for, ſpeaking of theſe ſpirits, he ſays in expreſs terms,

—— *The chief the care of* nations *own,*
And guard with arms *divine the* Britiſh throne.

And here let it not ſeem odd, if, in this myſterious way of writing, we find the ſame perſon, who has before been repreſented by the *Baron*, again deſcribed in the character of Ariel, it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take ſuch a liberty. As for inſtance, I have read in St. Evremont, that all the *different* characters in Petronius are but Nero in ſo many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We obſerve in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is poſſeſſed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is abſolutely

abſolutely neceſſary, that this perſon muſt be the miniſter who was neareſt the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treaſurer, may know him by his enſigns in the following line:

He rais'd his azure wand.

His ſitting on the *maſt* of a veſſel ſhews his preſiding over the South-ſea trade. When Ariel aſſigns to his Sylphs all the poſts about Belinda, what is more clearly deſcribed than the treaſurer's diſpoſing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majeſty? But let us hear the lines.

——*Ye ſpirits, to your charge repair,*
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majeſty's dreſſer, and impudently given *nick names* to each. To put this matter beyond all diſpute, the Sylphs are ſaid to be *wonderous fond of place*, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermoſt*, and all the reſt take their places *ſubordinately under him.*

Here again I cannot but obſerve the exceſſive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character

of Ariel without the ſame invidious ſtroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he ſaw his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he ſhould *reſign his place*, which it is probable all miniſters do, with a *ſigh*.

At the head of the Gnomes he ſets Umbriel, a duſky melancholy ſprite, who makes it his buſineſs to give Belinda the ſpleen; a vile and malicious ſuggeſtion againſt ſome *grave* and *worthy miniſter*. The vapours, phantoms, viſions, and the like, are the jealouſies, fears, and cries of danger, that have ſo often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Thoſe who are deſcribed in the houſe of *ſpleen*, under thoſe ſeveral fantaſtical forms, are the ſame whom their ill-willers have ſo often called the *whimſical*.

The two foregoing ſpirits being the only conſiderable characters of the machinery, I ſhall but juſt mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the *ſciſſars* at the loſs of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly underſtood my Lord Townſhend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his employment upon the diſſolution of it: but that ſpirit reunites, and receives no harm; to ſignify that it came to nothing, and his Lordſhip had no real hurt by it.

But

But I muſt not conclude this head of the characters without obſerving, that our author has run through every ſtage of beings in ſearch of topics for detraction. As he has characterized ſome perſons under *angels* and *men*, ſo he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate*; he has even repreſented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former.

——*But* Shock, *who thought ſhe ſlept too long,*
Leapt up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux.

By this *Shock* it is manifeſt he has moſt audaciouſly and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *ſermon*, which made ſo much *noiſe*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *ſpeech* at his trial, ſince immediately thereupon, our author ſays, her *eyes opened* on a *billet-doux*. Billet-doux being addreſſes to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted thoſe addreſſes of loving ſubjects to her Majeſty, which enſued that trial.

The other inſtance is at the end of the third Canto.

Steel *did the labours of the gods deſtroy,*
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy,
Steel *could the works of mortal pride confound,*
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he moſt impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleaſure of her Majeſty, or of her miniſtry, but to the frequent inſtigations of his friend Mr. Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now conſidered the general intent and ſcope of the poem, and opened the characters, I ſhall next diſcover the malice which is covered under the epiſodes, and particular paſſages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a myſtical repreſentation of the late *war*, which is hinted by his making *ſpades* the trump; *ſpade* in Spaniſh ſignifying a *ſword*, and being yet ſo painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her ſucceſs in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play againſt her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not queſtion but every particular card has its perſon and character aſſigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I ſhall only inſtance in the deſcription of the diſgrace under which

which the Duke of Marlborough then ſuffered, which is ſo apparent in theſe verſes:

Ev'n mighty pam, *that kings and queens o'erthrew,*
And mow'd down armies in the fights of lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern tranſactions, is very plain, from an unguarded ſtroke towards the end of this game:

And now, as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate,
On one nice trick *depends the gen'ral fate.*

After the concluſion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thankſgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious inſinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly obſerved this ſeditious writer delights in), that the peace ſhould continue but a ſhort time, and that the day ſhould afterwards be curſed, which was then celebrated with ſo much joy:

Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As

As the game at *ombre* is a ſatirical repreſentation of the late *war*, ſo is the *tea-table* that enſues, of the *council-table*, and its conſultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the paſſage, which repreſents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not ſay he means thoſe preſents of rich *gold ſtuff ſuits*, which were ſaid to be made her Majeſty by the king of France, though I cannot but ſuſpect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the ſcandalous John Dunton) repreſents the miniſtry in plain terms taking *frequent cups*,

And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt;

for it is manifeſt he meant ſomething more than common coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the politician wiſe;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems———

I ſhall

I ſhall only further obſerve, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, ſhould the barrier-treaty be diſſolved?

The enſuing *contentions* of the *parties*, upon the loſs of that treaty, are deſcribed in the ſquabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he raſhly expreſſes without any diſguiſe,

All ſide in parties——

and here you have a Gentleman who *ſinks beſide the chair:* a plain alluſion to a noble Lord, who loſt his chair of *preſident* of the *council.*

I come next to the *bodkin*, ſo dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the Britiſh *ſceptre*, ſo revered in the hand of our late auguſt Princeſs. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a ſceptre; and the verſes are ſo plain, they need no remark.

The ſame (his antient perſonage to deck)
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck
In three ſeal rings, *which, after melted down,*
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.

An

An open ſatire upon *hereditary right!* The *three ſeal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

Theſe are the chief paſſages in the battle, by which, as hath before been ſaid, he means the ſquabble of parties. Upon this occaſion he could not end the deſcription without teſtifying his malignant joy at thoſe diſſenſions, from which he forms the proſpect that *both* ſhould be diſappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accompliſhed,

Behold how oft ambitious aims are croſt,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt.

The lock at length is turn'd into a *ſtar*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace*. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to eſcape the puniſhment for the reſt of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with theſe lines:

God ſave the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagine it the moſt *extraordinary ſtar* that ever appeared in our hemiſphere. A ſtar, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whoſe influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whoſe worthy labours this writer ſo ungenerouſly ridicules) but

but all true Britons, may, with no leſs authority than he, prognoſticate *the fall of Lewis* in the reſtraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now conſidered this poem in its political view, wherein we have ſhown, that it hath two different walks of ſatire; the one in the ſtory itſelf, which is a ridicule on the *late tranſactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a ſatire on the *miniſters of ſtate in particular*. I ſhall now ſhew that the ſame poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is ſecretly inſinuated thro' the whole.

In the firſt place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of *guardian angels* and *patron ſaints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popiſh ſuperſtition that hath been exploded ever ſince the reformation, he would revive under this diſguiſe. Here are all the particulars which they believe of thoſe beings, which I ſhall ſum up in a few heads.

1*ſt*, The ſpirits are made to concern themſelves with all human actions in general.

2*dly*, A diſtinct guardian ſpirit or patron is aſſigned to each perſon in particular.

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite———

3*dly*,

3*dly*, They are made directly to inſpire dreams, viſions, and revelations.

Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy reſt,
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream——

4*thly*, They are made to be ſubordinate in different degrees, ſome preſiding over others. So Ariel has his ſeveral under-officers at command,

Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5*thly*, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office aſſigned him.

Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe, &c.

6*thly*, He hath given his ſpirits the charge of the ſeveral parts of *dreſs*; intimating thereby, that the the ſaints preſide over the ſeveral parts of *human bodies*. They have one ſaint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and ſo of the reſt.

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign, &c.

7*thly*, They are repreſented to know the thoughts of men:

As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind.

8*thly*, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony preſides over hogs, &c.

9*thly*, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of theſe the chief, the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the *papiſts* to defend England, St. Patrick Ireland, St. James Spain, &c. Now, what is the conſequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we muſt be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *maſs*, and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome*. The *unveiling* of the *altar*, the *ſilver vaſes* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the prieſts are upon the chief feſtivals, and the *head uncovered*, are manifeſt marks of this.

A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends——

plainly denotes *image worſhip*.

The

The *goddeſs*, who is decked with *treaſures*, *jewels*, and the various *offerings of the world*, manifeſtly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incenſe-pot* in the following line.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, repreſents the popiſh religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is deſcribed in the ſtate this malevolent author wiſhes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overſpreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the purple main,
Then iſſuing forth the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.

She is dreſſed with a *croſs* on her breaſt, the enſign of popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs *ſhe wore,*
Which Jews might kiſs, *and infidels* adore.

Next he repreſents her as the *univerſal church*, according to the boaſts of the papiſts:

And like the ſun ſhe ſhines on all alike.

After

After which he tells us,

If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it ſhould be granted ſome errors fall to her ſhare, look on the pompous figure ſhe makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the ſacrifice following you have theſe two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the firſt of them he plainly hints at their riſing to *matins*; in the ſecond, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of ſaints*.

Belinda's viſits are deſcribed with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always uſed in the ceremonial part of the Romiſh worſhip.

——Viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar ſphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is ſeen in the following line:

Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd *there.*

It is a popiſh doctrine, that ſcarce any perſon quits this world, but he muſt touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here alſo repreſented as the *treaſury* of the *Romiſh church*. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* ſhould be *purgatory*,

when a learned divine hath in a late treatiſe proved the *ſun* to be *hell* [n].

I ſhall now, before I conclude, deſire the reader to compare this key with thoſe upon any other pieces, which are ſuppoſed to have been ſecret ſatires upon the ſtate, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true Hiſtory, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are reduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *ſcope* and *bent* of the work, and from the ſeveral *particulars:* furthermore, that they are every way as conſiſtent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretation of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the moſt eminent and able *ſtate decypherers* themſelves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more ſafely *ſworn* to?

To ſum up my whole charge againſt this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the preſent miniſtry and the laſt; abuſed great ſtateſmen and great generals; nay the treaties of whole nations have not eſcaped him, nor has the royal dignity itſelf been omitted in the progreſs of his ſatire; and all this he has done juſt at the meeting of a new parliament.

[n] The Reverend Dr. Swinden.

ment. I hope a proper authority may be made uſe of to bring him to condign puniſhment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the perſons moſt concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publiſher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into cuſtody and examined, many farther diſcoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettor's ſecret deſigns, which are doubtleſs of the utmoſt importance to the *government*.

THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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PARTY is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, ſect, or cabal, whatſoever, in which the moſt ignorant were not the moſt violent: for a bee is not a buſier animal than a blockhead. However, ſuch inſtruments are neceſſary to Politicians; and perhaps it may be with ſtates as with clocks, which muſt have ſome dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more uſeful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Fine ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo uſeful as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, the moſt miſchievous.

The niceſt conſtitutions of government are often like the fineſt pieces of clock-work, which depending on ſo many motions, are therefore more ſubject to be out of order.

Every man has juſt as much vanity as he wants underſtanding.

Modeſty, if it were to be recommended for nothing elſe, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at eaſe; whereas boaſting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not: if we have none, it beſt hides our want of it. For as bluſhing will ſometimes make a whore paſs for a virtuous woman, ſo modeſty may make a fool ſeem a man of ſenſe.

It is not ſo much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if deſtroyed and conſumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever ſprung there.

To pardon thoſe abſurdities in ourſelves which we cannot ſuffer in others, is neither better nor worſe than

than to be more willing to be fools ourſelves than to have others ſo.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but ſaying, in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

The beſt way to prove the clearneſs of our mind, is by ſhewing its faults; as when a ſtream diſcovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the tranſparency and purity of the water.

Our paſſions are like convulſion-fits, which, though they make us ſtronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourſelves.

A brave man thinks no one his ſuperior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himſelf ſuperior to the other by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppreſſed is the moſt glorious act a man is capable of; it is in ſome meaſure doing the buſineſs of God and Providence.

I as little fear that God will damn a man that has charity, as I hope that the prieſts can ſave one who has not.

Super-

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

Atheiſts put on a falſe courage and alacrity in the midſt of their darkneſs and apprehenſions, like children who, when they fear to go in the dark, will ſing for fear.

An atheiſt is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a ſober jeſt of God and religion; he finds it eaſier to be upon his knees than to riſe to a good action: like an impudent debtor, who goes every day to talk familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully ſays of war may be applied to diſputing, it ſhould be always ſo managed, as to remember that the only end of it is peace; but generally true diſputants are like true ſportſmen, their whole delight is in the purſuit; and a diſputant no more cares for the truth than the ſportſman for the hare.

The Scripture in time of diſputes is like an open town in time of war, which ſerves indifferently the occaſions of both parties; each makes uſe of it for the preſent turn, and then reſigns it to the next comer to do the ſame.

Such as are ſtill obſerving upon others, are like thoſe who are always abroad at other men's houſes, reforming every thing there, while their own runs to ruin.

When

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a ſacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Some old men by continually praiſing the time of their youth, would almoſt perſuade us that there were no fools in thoſe days; but unluckily they are left themſelves for examples.

When we are young, we are ſlaviſhly employed in procuring ſomething whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we propoſed.

The world is a thing we muſt of neceſſity either laugh at or be angry at; if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; if we are angry at it, they ſay we are ill-natured.

People are ſcandalized if one laughs at what they call a ſerious thing. Suppoſe I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might I not laugh to think, what a buſtle is here about my head.

The greateſt advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity no more to deſpiſe a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for thoſe of the body,

body, when they are ſuch as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly conſidered, we ſhould no more laugh at one for having his brains crack'd than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of buſineſs, but above it. A ſprightly generous horſe is able to carry a packſaddle as well as an aſs; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons and ſerious diſcourſes are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes leaſt.

He who tells a lye, is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of ſaying a fooliſh thing one's ſelf, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

'Tis

'Tis with followers at court as with followers on the road, who firſt beſpatter thoſe that go before, and then tread on their heels.

Falſe happineſs is like falſe money, it paſſes for a time as well as the true, and ſerves ſome ordinary occaſions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightneſs and allay, and feel the loſs.

Daſtardly men are like ſorry horſes, who have but juſt ſpirit and mettle enough to be miſchievous.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

A perſon who is too nice an obſerver of the buſineſs of the crowd, like one who is too curious in obſerving the labour of the bees, will often be ſtung for his curioſity.

A man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy; a man who has none may practiſe it.

There are ſome ſolitary wretches who ſeem to have left the reſt of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is like a river, conſtantly paſſing away, and yet conſtantly coming on.

I ſel-

I ſeldom ſee a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp; but I think how little is all this to ſatisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea of an immortal ſoul!

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never ſo eaſy, or ſo little impoſed upon, as among people of the beſt ſenſe: it coſts far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have leſs underſtanding to be employed, ſo they have more vanity to be pleaſed; and to keep a fool conſtantly in good humour with himſelf, and with others, is no very eaſy taſk.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the ſame things ſaid in a little room, or in a large ſaloon, at ſmall tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty ſconces.

Two women ſeldom grow intimate but at the expence of a third perſon; they make friendſhips as kings of old made leagues, who ſacrificed ſome poor animal betwixt them, and commenced ſtrict allies; ſo the ladies, after they have pull'd ſome character to pieces, are from henceforth inviolable friends.

It is with narrow-ſoul'd people as with narrow-neck'd bottles; the leſs they have in them, the more noiſe they make in pouring it out.

Many

Many men have been capable of doing a wiſe thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since 'tis reaſonable to doubt moſt things, we ſhould moſt of all doubt that reaſon of ours which would demonſtrate all things.

To buy books as ſome do who make no uſe of them, only becauſe they were publiſhed by an eminent printer, is much as if a man ſhould buy cloaths that did not fit him, only becauſe they were made by ſome famous taylor.

'Tis as offenſive to ſpeak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whiſper in it; he is diſpleaſed at both for the ſame reaſon, becauſe he is ignorant of what is ſaid.

A good-natur'd man has the whole world to be happy out of; whatever good befals his ſpecies, a well-deſerving perſon promoted, a modeſt man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon but as a remoter bleſſing of Providence on himſelf; which then ſeems to make him amends for the narrowneſs of his own fortune, when it does the ſame thing it would have done had it been in his power: for what a luxurious man in poverty would

want

want for horſes and footmen, a good-natur'd man wants for his friend or the poor.

Falſe critics rail at falſe wits, as quacks and impoſtors are ſtill cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men, for the moſt part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull, but true accounts of times paſt, and are worth knowing only on that ſcore.

There ſhould be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his proſperity; both being equally ſubject to change.

Wit in converſation is only a readineſs of thought and a facility of expreſſion, or (in the midwives phraſe) a quick conception, and an eaſy delivery.

We ſhould manage our thoughts in compoſing a poem, as ſhepherds do their flowers in making a garland; firſt ſelect the choiceſt, and then diſpoſe them in the moſt proper places, where they give a luſtre to each other: like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are ſo managed that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloſs on the next.

As handſome children are more a diſhonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, becauſe unlike himſelf; ſo good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more ſhame than his own ill ones: When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

If he who does an injury be his own judge in his own cauſe, and does wrong without reaſon, by being the firſt aggreſſor; then ſurely it is no wonder the injured ſhould think the ſame way, and right himſelf by revenge; that is, be both judge and party too, ſince the other was ſo who firſt wronged him.

Human brutes, like other beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their deſtruction.

The moſt poſitive men are the moſt credulous; ſince they moſt believe themſelves, and adviſe moſt with their falſeſt flatterer and worſt enemy, their own ſelf-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them, for your friend is ſo much your ſecond-ſelf, that he will judge too like you.

Women uſe lovers as they do cards; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they

can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps loſe by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like the oath in the mouth of a cheating gameſter, is ever ſtill moſt uſed as their truth is moſt queſtioned.

Your true jilt uſes men like cheſs-men, ſhe never dwells ſo long on any ſingle man as to overlook another who may prove more advantageous; nor gives one another's place, until ſhe has ſeen it is for her intereſt; but if one is more uſeful to her than others, brings him in over the heads of all others.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, ſo generally reſemble them in this, that they pleaſe us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reaſon to wiſh himſelf her huſband, than one who admired the *Heſperian* fruit, would have had to wiſh himſelf the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife becauſe he cannot always live chaſtly, is much like one who finding a few humours in his body, reſolves to wear a perpetual bliſter.

Married

Married people, for being ſo cloſely united, are but the apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the ſooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but ſo many ſeparate and claſhing intereſts: The ſon wiſhes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the ſiſter's portions: when any of them marry, there are new diviſions, and new animoſities: It is but natural and reaſonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in *France* ſeldom ſpeak ill of each other, but when they have a perſonal pique; authors in *England* ſeldom ſpeak well of each other, but when they have a perſonal friendſhip.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

The longer we live, the more we ſhall be convinced, that it is reaſonable to love God, and deſpiſe men, as far as we know either.

It is impoſſible that an ill-natured man can have a public-ſpirit; for how ſhould he love ten thouſand men, who never loved one? T. K.

That character in converſation which commonly paſſes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falſehood.

A ſhort and certain way to obtain the character of a reaſonable and wiſe man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought ſo in men: A very good woman would make but a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenneſs.

Thoſe people only will conſtantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who leaſt deſerve you ſhould do them any.

Whoever has flattered his friend ſucceſsfully, muſt at once think himſelf a knave, and his friend a fool.

We may ſee the ſmall value God has for riches, by the people he gives them to. D. A.

Who

Who are next to knaves? thoſe that converſe with them.

We are ſometimes apt to wonder, to ſee thoſe people proud who have done the meaneſt things: whereas a conſciouſneſs of having done poor things, and a ſhame of hearing it, often make the compoſition we call pride.

An excuſe is worſe and more terrible than a lye: for an excuſe is a *lye guarded.*

Praiſe is like ambergreaſe; a little whiff of it, and by ſnatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your noſe, it is a ſtink, and ſtrikes you down.

The general cry is againſt *ingratitude,* but ſure the complaint is miſplaced, it ſhould be againſt *vanity:* none but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almoſt every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deſerves, while the other thinks he hath received leſs than he deſerves.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a chriſtian.

Several

Several explanations of caſuiſts, by multiplying ſins, may be called *Amendments to the ten commandments.*

It is obſervable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies; the reaſon may be, that in tragedy their ſex is deified and adored, in comedy expoſed and ridiculed.

The character of covetouſneſs is what a man generally acquires more through ſome niggardlineſs, or ill grace, in little and inconſiderable things, than in expences of any conſequence: A very few pounds a year would eaſe that man of the ſcandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lanthern, which ſerves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the ſcripture phraſe) either to *ſhine forth before men, or to glorify their Father who is in heaven.*

It often happens that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers: as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

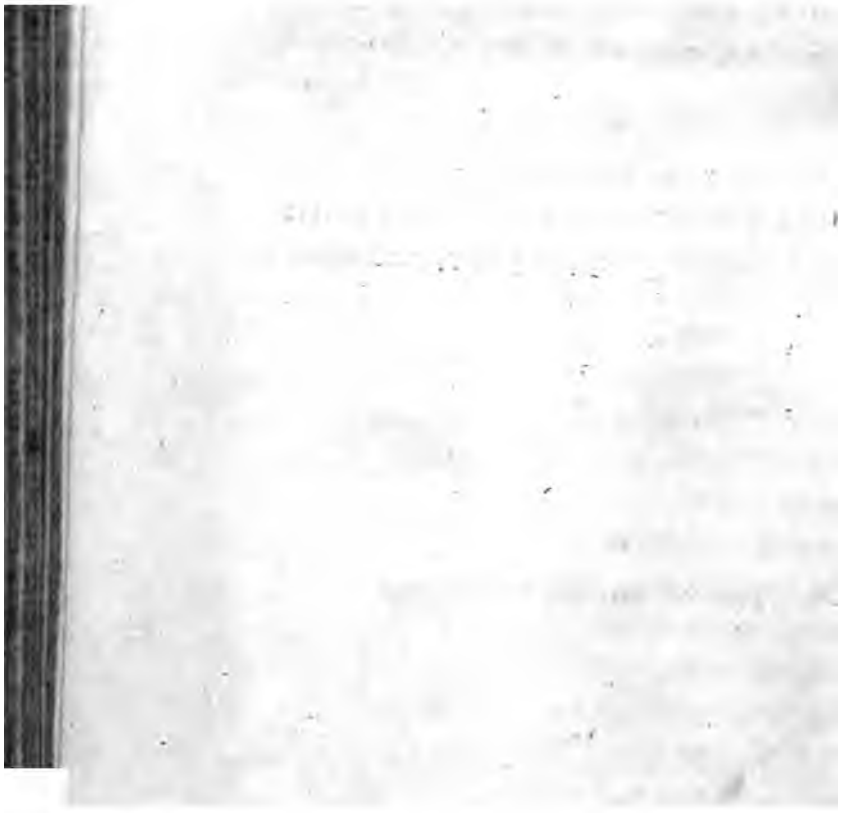
The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal ſpirits to the heart, a ſymptom that the conſtitution is in danger.

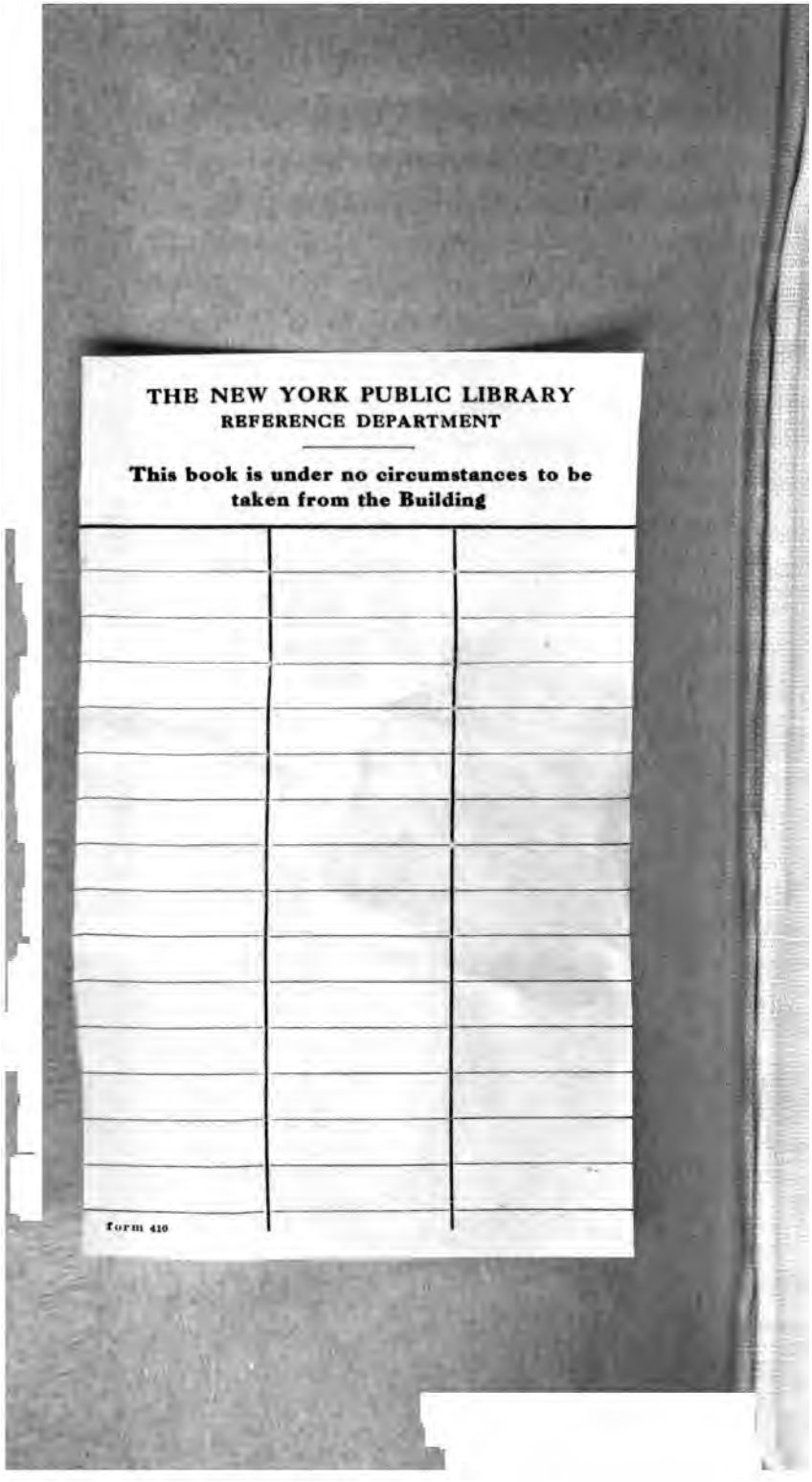
A king

A king may be a tool, a thing of ſtraw; but if he ſerves to frighten our enemies, and ſecure our property, its well enough: A ſcarecrow is a thing of ſtraw, but it protects the corn.

A man coming to the water-ſide, is ſurrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his ſervices, the whole buſtle of the place ſeems to be only for him: The ſame man going from the waterſide, no noiſe made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him paſs with utter neglect! The picture of a miniſter when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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